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# SONG TIME

(Curwen Edition 8606)

A Book of Rhymes, Songs, Games,  
Hymns, and other Music for all  
occasions in a Child's Life. By  
PERCY DEARMER, D.D.  
and MARTIN SHAW

London : J. Curwen & Sons Ltd., 24 Berners Street, W.1

New York : G. Schirmer Inc., Sole Agents for U.S.A.

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# PREFACE.

## I.

We have omitted pieces that properly belong to folk-song collections, such as "A Frog he would a-wooing go," which is included in Mr. Martin Shaw's and Mr. Kidson's "Songs of Britain" (Boosey); we have also omitted carols, Mr. Shaw and I having already edited a collection of English Carols (Mowbray), and also ordinary hymns, because these are in every home in one collection or another. We have taken our settings from the "English Hymnal," and acknowledge the kind permission of the Oxford University Press and of the Editors in this matter.

The Words and the Tunes in this Book are traditional, unless it is otherwise stated. They belong in fact to the happy realm of folk-song. How old they are we do not know; a few seem to be as late as the early nineteenth century, such as the words of "Mary had a little lamb," some belong clearly to the eighteenth century, such as the words and tune of "Soldier, soldier"; others are approximately dated by customs or fashions, such as "If all the world were paper"; others by a chance word, such as the mention of King William (surely the Third) in the Archer Alphabet; others, such as "Three Blind Mice," cannot at least be later than the date of their earliest printed form; others are clearly centuries earlier—"I had a little nut-tree," for instance, is supposed to refer to Joanna of Castile, who visited the Court of Henry VII in the year 1506. Others are much earlier; and among the games especially some stretch back to pre-Christian days. Much valuable information about these ancient games will be found in Lady Gomme's standard work, "Traditional Games, etc." (1894-99). Mr. Keatley Moore's "The Nursery Song Book" (Routledge) and Mr. Frank Kidson's "Nursery Rhymes" may also be mentioned.

This is a Dance-book as well as a Song-book. Nearly all the tunes in Section I and Section II make excellent dance music. The book will be found useful to those who arrange entertainments. Instead of the somewhat dismal recitations which poor little children are so often put up to give, really charming and beautiful pieces can be performed by arranging the games in dance steps, especially if the children (or adults) do their work in costume. "Soldier, soldier," and "The Forty Dukes," have already been presented in this way in real theatres, and they were an immense success. In the same way many of the Rhymes and Songs can be sung in character, some of them with great effect.

Most of the games can of course be sung also just as songs.

A little information is given here and there, because children sometimes ask questions.

Some special Hymns are included, because this book is for the whole of a child's life. Besides, the Editors do not believe in the water-tight compartment theory of existence. They want children to be good when they are happy, and also to be happy when they are good. The kindergarten music is printed as a whole, because those who manage Sunday Kindergartens will be grateful to have in complete form Mr. Shaw's very appropriate music. It was much needed; for indeed we have not been scrupulous about the religious music we have taught our poor little children. But of course the kindergarten pieces can also be played and sung separately, and will be found useful at home as well as at school. The service itself will be found in the Sunday School Edition of the *English Hymnal*.

We hope this book will be used in ordinary week-day kindergartens as well.

The Hush Music will be found serviceable in changing the psychological atmosphere after a romp; and as little "voluntaries" before something more solemn; and as nightcaps sometimes. We thought that children might as well have good music for these purposes, and also music that is English and speaks to us in our own vernacular. This music, together with the Marches, is taken from "Songs of Britain" (Boosey).

A few pieces need no tune, and would be a bore if they were sung. Such are the two Alphabet Rhymes which come first.

Choruses and refrains are printed in italic, and not repeated.

I want to add that I am very proud of the musical part of this book; both because of Mr. Martin Shaw's success in finding so many of the old tunes that belong to the Rhymes and Songs, and also because of the inspiration which he and Mr. Geoffrey Shaw inherit from their father, the late James Shaw. They all have written tunes which we could have passed off as the original ones that are lost, if we had invented a story about their having been found in an oak chest, in the forgotten nursery of some ancient manor-house. We have used all the old ones we could discover; when there was really no traditional tune to a rhyme, a new one has been provided—and sometimes I find it hard not to fancy that the new tunes have floated down over the centuries from the lips of little children long since silent to this life.

To the Children of Britain whose fathers to-day are serving their country, we dedicate this book.

I shall not be able to read the proofs of this Preface, as to-morrow I am going away to Serbia, a country that loves freedom and lived in its religion and its folk-song during the long centuries of its oppression. But I hope there are no bad mistakes—as I know there will be none in the music; and that we have not forgotten to make acknowledgments for all the kind help we have received.

MAUNDY THURSDAY, 1915.

PERCY DEARMER.



## II.

We have first to record our gratitude to Walter Crane, who before his death most kindly and generously gave us all the assistance we asked.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has allowed us to use the words and tune of "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John." Everyone knew the first two lines; but Mr. Baring-Gould recovered the whole hymn from an old woman in Tavistock Workhouse, and the lovely tune he learnt many years ago from his nurse. Dr. Vaughan Williams has allowed us to use his arrangement of "Quem Pastores" (p. 93), "Shipston" (p. 93), "East Horndon" (p. 96), and "St. Hugh" (p. 98). For the use of "St. Hugh" we have to thank Miss Lucy Broadwood. We have also to thank Dr. Vaughan Williams for permission to use the words and tune of "An Acre of Land," which are so characteristic of the English country-side.

Our acknowledgments are also due to Messrs. Reid Bros. for permission to use the words of "There's a Friend for little children," and to the Sunday School Union for "I think when I read."

We are also glad to include Mr. Cavendish Morton's real contribution to child literature, "I delighted am with me," and our thanks are due to him for permission to use it.

Our thanks are also due to the Rev. Carey Bonner, Miss D. Picton, Miss Last and Miss Pinker of Sesame House, Mr. Cecil Sharp, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams for kind help freely given.

Mr. John Ireland's setting of Stevenson's "Bed in Summer" was written specially for this book, and we are glad to introduce so charming a specimen of child music to little ones. Messrs. Longman & Co. have given permission to print the words.

We have to thank Messrs. Curwen for allowing us to use Mr. Geoffrey Shaw's unison songs "The Cow," "Three Children," and "The Lamb," which must surely endear him to many a tiny class whom his official frown might otherwise affright.

"Forty Dukes" was originally composed for the children's play *The Cockyolly Bird*, and it appears here for the first time, with Mrs. Dearmer's kind agreement.

The "Rosy Apple" tune was most kindly communicated by Mr. A. H. Powell, to whom our thanks are due.

If I had to choose between bringing to light the hitherto unknown "Rosy Apple" tune, perfect in its artlessness (learned by Mr. A. H. Powell "from children playing across the gutter in a street in Guildford, 1897 or 8"), or bringing to light a hitherto undiscovered song by Brahms,\* my choice would be for "Rosy Apple," which has in it something of the morning of the world, as yet undisturbed by that perversion of spontaneity that has come to be called the "Art-song." I have put a few chords to this tune for the sake of uniformity, but they are quite unnecessary.

With regard to the traditional tunes in this book, my own view is that if they are to be accompanied, the piano is the last instrument that should be used. However, as the day is not yet when accompaniments for the harp, pipes, or hurdy-gurdy are likely to prove acceptable in the family, I have had perforce to arrange them for the piano. I hope I may not be thought insincere in adding that I have tried to do this simply and characteristically.

Unless where otherwise stated the accompaniments are by me. To conclude, I cannot sufficiently thank my brother Geoffrey for his invaluable help and counsel throughout.

MARTIN SHAW.

\* Or any other classical composer.



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# SONG TIME.

## The Apple-Pie Alphabet.

**A** was an Apple-pie :

**B** bit it,

**C** cut it,

**D** dealt it,

**E** eat it,

**F** fought for it,

**G** got it,

**H** had it,

**J** joined it,

**K** kept it,

**L** longed for it,

**M** mourned for it,

**N** nodded at it,

**O** opened it,

**P** peeped in it,

**Q** quartered it,

**R** ran for it,

**S** stole it,

**T** took it,

**U** upset it,

**V** viewed it,

**W** wanted it,

**X, Y, Z,** and

All wished for a piece in hand.

## The Archer Alphabet.

**A** was an Archer, and shot at a frog,

**B** was a Butcher, and kept a big dog :

**C** was a Captain, all covered with lace,

**D** was a Dunce, with a very sad face :

**E** was an Esquire, with insolent brow,

**F** was a Farmer, and followed the plough :

**G** was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,

**H** was a Hunter, and hunted a buck :

**I** was an Innkeeper, who loved for to bouse,

**J** was a Joiner, and built up a house :

**K** was King William, who governed this land,

**L** was a Lady, who had a white hand :

**M** was a Miser, and hoarded up gold,

**N** was a Nobleman, gallant and bold :

**O** was an Oyster Wench, and went about town,

**P** was a Parson, and wore a black gown :

**Q** was a Queen, who sailed out in a Ship,

**R** was a Robber, and wanted a whip :

**S** was a Sailor, and spent all he got,

**T** was a Tinker, and mended a pot :

**U** was a Usurer, miserable elf,

**V** was a Vintner, who drank all himself :

**W** was a Watchman, and guarded the door,

**X** was expensive, and so became poor :

**Y** was a Youth, that did not love school,

**Z** was a Zany, a silly old fool.

# The Carrion Crow.

An early version of this existed in the year 1489.

KEY Eb. { .d | f .f :m .m | r .r :d | d .r .m .f :s .m | s :d .d | d' .d' :t .t | l .l :s {

1. A car - rion crow sat on an oak, Derry, derry, der - ry, dee - eo : A car - rion crow sat on an oak,  
 2. O wife, bring me my old bent bow, Derry, derry, der - ry, dee - eo : O wife, bring me my old bent bow, That  
 3. The tai - lor shot, and missed his mark, Derry, derry, der - ry, dee - eo : The tai - lor shot, and missed his mark, And  
 4. Oh, wife! oh, wife! some brandy in a spoon, Derry, derry, der - ry, dee - eo : Oh, wife! bring me some brandy in a spoon, For  
 5. The old sow died, and the bell did toll, Derry, derry, der - ry, dee - eo : The old sow died, and the bell did toll, And the

{ f .f .f :m .m | r .r :d | f :m .m | r .r :d | d .r .m .f :s .m | s :d .d .||

Watching a tail - or shape his cloak :  
 I may shoot yon car - rion crow :  
 shot his own sow through the heart :  
 our old sow is in a swoon :  
 little pigs pray'd for the old sow's soul :  
 Heigh ho! the car - rion crow, Derry, derry, der - ry, dee - eo!

## Baa, baa, black sheep.

JAMES SHAW.

KEY Ab. { | d :d | t<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :— | s :r | m :d | l<sub>1</sub> :r | s<sub>1</sub> :— | l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | r :r .r {

Baa, baa, black sheep, Have you any wool? Yes, kind mas - ter, Three bags full: One for the mas - ter, And

With feeling.

{ | l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | r :— .r | m :r .r | d .d :d .d | f :m .m | r :— .r | s :m .d | l<sub>1</sub> .t<sub>1</sub> :d .r | m :r .r | d :— ||

one for the dame, But none for the little boy That cries in the lane, But none for the little boy That cries in the lane.



# The Frog and the Crow.

KEY C.

1. A jol - ly fat frog liv'd in the riv - er swim, O! A come - ly black

crow liv'd on the riv - er brim, O! "Come on shore, come on shore," Said the crow to the frog, and

then, O! "No, you'll bite me— No, you'll bite me," Said the frog to the crow a - gain, O!

1. A jolly fat frog lived in the river swim, O!  
A comely black crow lived on the river brim, O!  
"Come on shore, come on shore,"  
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!  
"No, you'll bite me—No, you'll bite me,"  
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

2. "Oh, there is sweet music on yonder green hill, O!  
And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,  
All in yellow, all in yellow."  
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!  
"All in yellow, all in yellow,"  
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

3. "Farewell, ye little fishes, that in the river swim, O!  
I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow."  
"O beware! O beware!"  
Said the fish to the frog, and then, O!  
"I'll take care, I'll take care,"  
Said the frog to the fish again, O!

4. The frog began a-swimming, a-swimming to land, O!  
And the crow began jumping to give him his hand, O!  
"Sir, you're welcome—Sir, you're welcome,"  
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!  
"Sir, I thank you—Sir, I thank you,"  
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

5. "But where's the sweet music on yonder green hill, O?  
And where are all the dancers, the dancers in yellow,  
All in yellow, all in yellow?"  
Said the frog to the crow, and then, O!  
"Sir, they're here—Sir, they're here,"  
Said the crow to the frog—O, O, O!  
(All scream).

# The Robin's Last Will.

KEY A. { :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | r :- :m | d :- :s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | r :- :m | d :- :s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> }  
 1. As I cam' past by Gar - rick, And by the brig o' Dee, I saw a lit - tie rob - in

Sit - ting on a tree: Too - ra - loo, too - ra - loo, Too - ra - loo, ra - too - ra - loo!

1 As I cam' past by Garrick,  
 And by the brig o' Dee,  
 I saw a little robin  
 Sitting on a tree:—Too-ra-loo, &c.

2 I said, "My pretty robin,  
 Hoo lang hae ye sat here?"  
 He said, "I've lived upon this tree  
 These four-and-twenty year:"—Too-ra-loo, &c.

3 "I'm going to mak' my testament  
 - Just here upon this tree,  
 I'm going to mak' my testament  
 This day before I dee:"—Too-ra-loo, &c.

4 "I'll give my pretty head,  
 It is baith roond and sma',  
 Unto the boys of Garrick,  
 To play at the foot-ba'":—Too-ra-loo, &c.

5 "I'll give my pretty legs,  
 They are baith slim and ta',  
 Unto the brig of Garrick;  
 I hear it's going to fa'":—Too-ra-loo, &c.

6 As little Robin ended,  
 He shut his pretty eyes,  
 And down he dropped unto the ground,  
 Never more to rise:—Too-ra-loo, &c.

## Curly Locks.

KEY Bb. { | d : r : m | d : r : m | f : r : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : r : m | l<sub>1</sub> : r : d | t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> | d :- : s<sub>1</sub> }  
 Cur - ly - locks! Cur - ly - locks! wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dish-es, nor yet feed the swine; But

sit on a cush-ion and sew a fine seam, And feed up-on strawber-ries, su-gar, and cream.

# Bobby Shafto.

KEY G.

{ | ḍ .ḍ :ḍ .f̣ | ṃ .ṣ :ṃ .ḍ | ṣ .ṣ :ṣ .ḍ | ṭ .ṛ :ṭ .ṣ | ḍ .ḍ :ḍ .f̣ }  
 Bob - by Shaf - to's gone to sea, With sil - ver buc - kles at his knee; When he comes home he'll

{ | ṃ .ṣ :ṃ .ḍ | ṛ .f̣ :ṛ .ṭ | ḍ :ḍ || ṃ .ṣ :ṃ .ḍ | ṃ .ṣ :ṃ }  
 mar - ry me,— O pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - to! Bob - by Shaf - to's fat and fair,

{ | ṛ .f̣ :ṛ .ṭ | ṛ .f̣ :ṛ | ṃ .ṣ :ṃ .ḍ | ṃ .ṣ :ṃ | ṛ .f̣ :ṛ .ṭ | ḍ :ḍ ||  
 Combing down his yel - low hair; He's my love for ev - er mair,— Pret - ty Bob - by Shaf - to!

# I had a little husband.

From R. SPOFFORTH (1806?).

KEY C.

{ .ṣ | ḍ' .ḍ' :ḍ' .ḍ' :ṣ .ṣ | ḍ' .ṛ' :ṃ' .ṛ' :ḍ' :ṣ | ḷ' .ṭ' :ḍ' .ḷ' :ṣ :ṃ .ṣ | ḍ' :ṛ' .ṭ' :ḍ' :ṣ |  
 1. I had a lit - tle hus - band, No big - ger than my thumb: I put him in a pint pot, And there bid him drum.  
 2. I gave him some gar - ters, To gar - ter up his hose, And a lit - tle handkerchief To wipe his pret - ty nose.  
 3. I bought a lit - tle horse That galloped up and down: I bridled him and saddled him, And sent him out of town.



## Cuckoo.

Traditional (2nd verse added 1914).

MARTIN SHAW.

*Allegretto.* *mp*

KEY G. { : | : | : | : | : | : : s | m : - : - : - : s | m : - : - : - : s | f : f : m | r : - : - : }

1. Cuckoo, ..... Cuc-koo, ..... Pray what do you do?

In A - pril, I o - pen my bill. In May, I sing night and day. In

June, ..... I change my tune. In Ju - ly, A - way I fly. In

Au - gust, A - way ..... I must. 2. Cuc-

*mp*

May be had separately in Carwen Edition 71464. O.N., 4d.; Sol-fa, 2d.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "koo,..... Cuc-koo,..... Pray where do you go? Up high,". The piano part consists of two staves with chords and melodic lines.

{ | m : - : - : - : s | m : - : - : - : s | f : f : m | r : - : - : | : : | : : | d : - : - : | l : - : - : }  
 koo,..... Cuc-koo,..... Pray where do you go? Up high,

Second system of the musical score. The lyrics continue: "In - to the sky. Far a - way, O - ver the sea, To Spain..... I fly a - gain;". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

{ | t : t : l : s : - : - : | d : - : d | l : - : - : | t : t : l : s : - : s : | m : - : - : - : - : f e | s : - : f e | m : - : - : }  
 In - to the sky. Far a - way, O - ver the sea, To Spain..... I fly a - gain;

Third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "Day and night, I take my flight. Cuc - koo,". The piano part includes some dynamic markings like *p* and *f*.

{ | : : | : : | f : - : m | r : - : f | m : - : d | l : - : : | : : | : : | f : - : - : | r : - : - : }  
 Day and night, I take my flight. Cuc - koo,

Fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "Good-bye..... to you." followed by a piano section marked *poco rit.* and *dim - in - u - en - do. pp*. The piano part features a more complex texture with many chords.

{ | : : | : : | f : m : - : - : - : d | l : - : - : - : - : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | }  
 Good-bye..... to you.  
*poco rit.*  
*dim - in - u - en - do. pp*

# Cock-a-doodle-doo !

*Allegro.*

*Lah is C.* { | M :- :M | M :- :R | d :- :- | :- : | M | s :- :s | s :- :M | s :- :- | :- : | :d' }  
 1. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo ! ..... My dame has lost her shoe ; ..... My  
 2. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo ! ..... What is my dame to do ? ..... Till  
 3. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo ! ..... My dame has found her shoe, ..... And

mas - ter's lost his fid - dling stick, And don't know what to do. ....  
 mas - ter finds his fid - dling stick, She'll dance with-out her shoe. ....  
 mas - ter's found his fid - dling stick, Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo ! .....

## Cross patch.

JAMES SHAW.

*Lah is D.*  
 { | l : l | t : t : t | d d d : d d M :- | l : l : l | l : s M : d r }  
 Cross patch, draw the latch, Sit by the fire and spin : Take a cup, and drink it up, And

call the neighbours in ! ... Take a cup, and drink it up, And call the neighbours in !



# Dame, get up.

*Allegro.*

KEY Bb.

1. Dame, get up and bake your pies, Bake your pies, bake your pies:  
 2. Dame, what makes your maid - ens lie, Maid - ens lie, maid - ens lie:  
 3. Dame, what makes your ducks to die, Ducks to die, ducks to die:  
 4. wings are cut, they can - not fly, Can - not fly, can - not fly: Their

1. Dame, get up and bake your pies, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.  
 2. Dame, what makes your maid - ens lie, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing?  
 3. Dame, what makes your ducks to die, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing?  
 4. Their wings are cut, they can - not fly, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.

Accompaniment for alternate verses.

# Lucy Locket.

KEY A.

Lu - cy Locket lost her pocket, Kit - ty Fish - er found it: But ne'er a pen - ny was there in't, Ex - cept the binding round it.

## Ding, dong, bell.

(FIRST PART.)

JAMES SHAW.

KEY A. { | d : s | d : - | t<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - | l<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - | t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> : - }

Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well! Who put her in? Lit-tle Johnnie Green.

Who pulled her out? Lit-tle Tommy Trout. Who pulled her out? Lit-tle Tommy Trout.

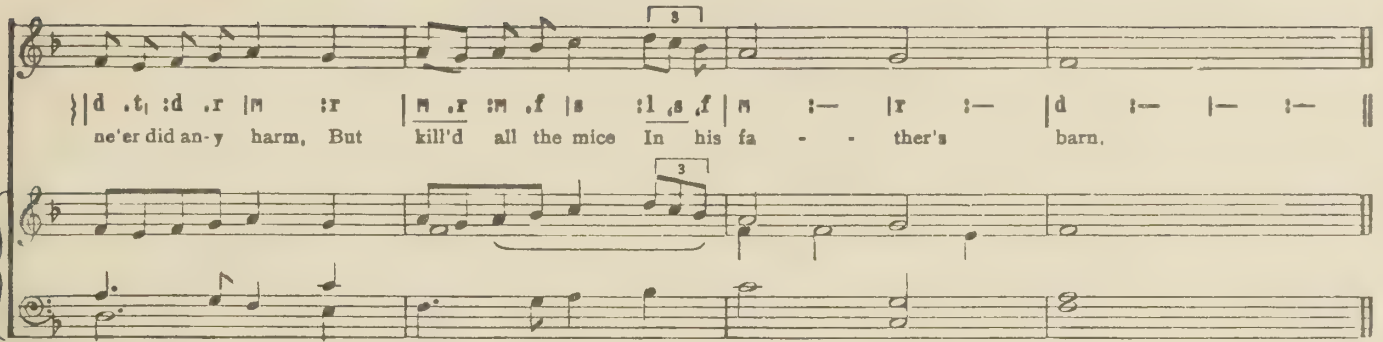
## Ding, dong, bell.

(BOTH PARTS.)

KEY F. { | d : s | d : - | m . f : r . m | d : - | d : s<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | d : - | m . f : r . m | d : - }

Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well! Who put her in? Lit-tle Johnnie Green.

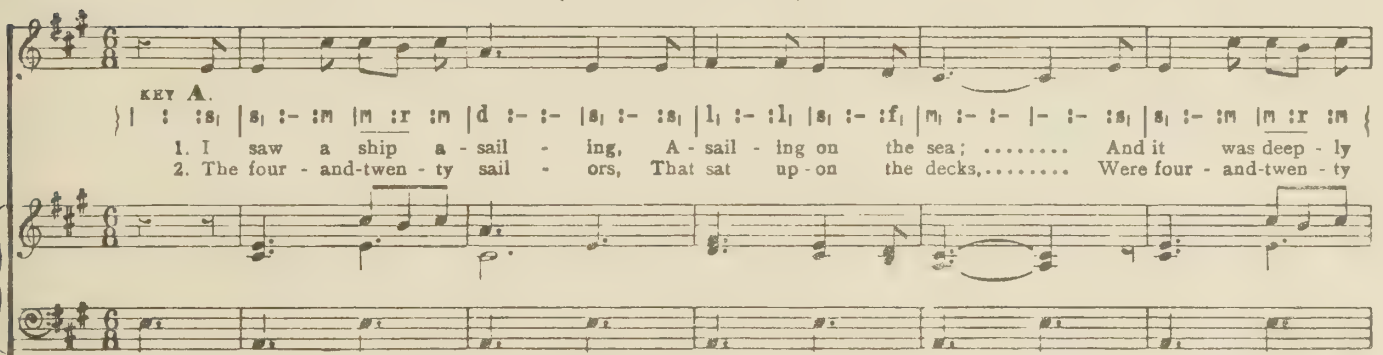
Who pull'd her out? Lit-tle Tommy Trout. What a naughty boy was that, To drown poor pussy cat Who



ne'er did an-y harm, But kill'd all the mice In his fa - - ther's barn.

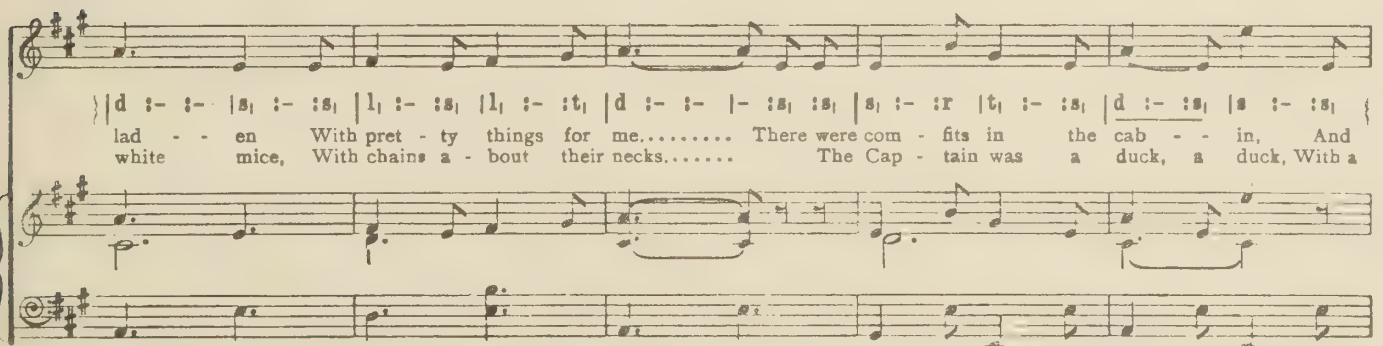
## I saw a ship a-sailing.

(THE DUCK DANCE.)

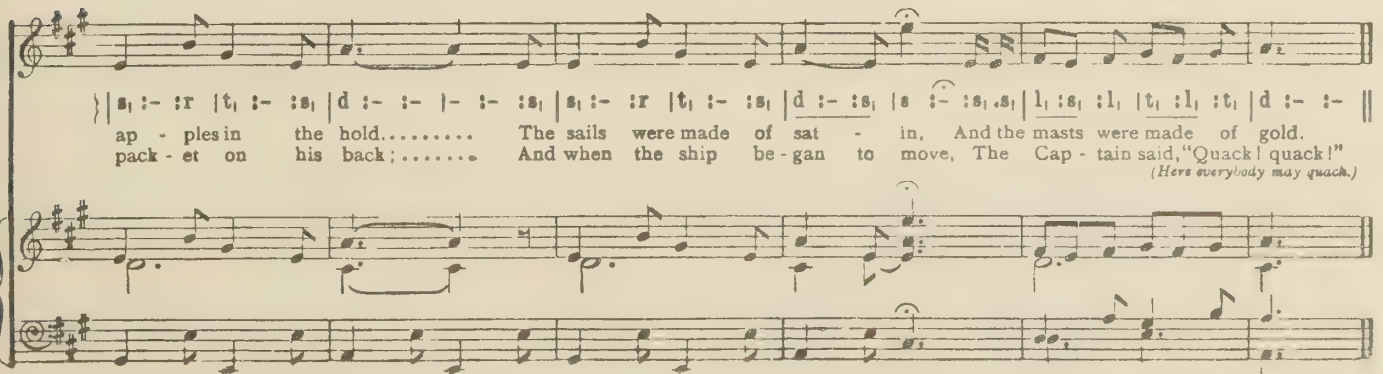


KEY A.

1. I saw a ship a-sail - ing, A-sail - ing on the sea; ..... And it was deep - ly  
2. The four - and-twen - ty sail - ors, That sat up-on the decks, ..... Were four - and-twen - ty



lad - - en With pret - ty things for me..... There were com - fits in the cab - - in, And  
white mice, With chains a - bout their necks..... The Cap - tain was a duck, a duck, With a



ap - ples in the hold..... The sails were made of sat - in, And the masts were made of gold.  
pack - et on his back; ..... And when the ship be - gan to move, The Cap - tain said, "Quack! quack!"  
(Here every body may quack.)



# Georgie Porgie.

KEY A.

{ d :- :d | s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :d :d | s<sub>1</sub> :- :- | d :- :d | r :- :r | t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- :- }

Geor - gie, Por - gie, pud - ding and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry.

{ r :- :r | l<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> | r :- :r | l<sub>1</sub> :- :- | r :- :m | f :- :r | t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- :- ||

When the boys came out to play, Geor - gie Por - gie ran a - way.

# Golden Slumbers.

KEY A.

{ s<sub>1</sub> :m<sub>1</sub> :f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- :m<sub>1</sub> | r :- :d | l<sub>1</sub> :- :- | s<sub>1</sub> :m<sub>1</sub> :f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- :m<sub>1</sub> | r :- :d | r :- :- }

1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you when you rise :  
2. Care you know not, there - fore sleep, While o - ver you our watch we keep ;

{ r :m :f | s :f :m | f :m :r | d :t<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :m :- | l<sub>1</sub> :- :r | s<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :- | d :- :- ||

Sleep, pret - ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - - by.  
Sleep, pret - ty dar - lings, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - - by.

Hark, Hark !

MARTIN SHAW.

*Allegro.* MARTIN SHAW.

KEY A.

Hark, hark! The dogs do bark, The beggars are come to town;      Some in rags, And some in tags, And one in a vel-vet gown

Goosey Goosey Gander.

JAMES SHAW.

Moderato.  
mf

KEY Bb.

{ d .d :d .d | d :m .f | s .l :s .f | m :d | s :l .t | d :r .m }

Goo - sey goo-sey gan - der, Whith- er would you wan - der? Up - stairs, and down - stairs, And

mf

*Slower.* *Quick.*

{ r d : t l t : s | l l . l : l l l : l l l : s e l l : - . l }

in my la - dy's cham - ber. There I met an old man Who would not say his prayers: I

{ d .d :d .d | d :m) .f) | s) .s) :s) | d) :-

took him by the left leg, And threw him down stairs.

Presto.



# Hey diddle diddle.

Year 1561.

KEY D.

{ | d :m :s | s :s :m | d :m :s | s :s :m | f :- :l | d' :t :l | l :- :- :s :- :s | }

Hey did - dle did - dle, The cat and the fid - dle! The cow jumped o - ver the moon..... The

{ | f :s :l | l :s :f | m :f :s | s :f :m | r :m :f | f :m :r | d :- :- :- :- :- | }

lit - tle dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran a - way with the spoon.

# Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

FIRST TUNE.

KEY D.

{ | m :f :s | s :l :t | d' :- :- :- :- :s | m :f :s | s :l :t | d' :- :- :- :- :s | }

Hick-o - ry, Dick-o - ry, Dock! ..... The mouse ran up the clock:..... The

{ | d' :- :d' | t :- :t | l :- :l | s :- :- :s :l :s | f :m :r | d :- :- :- :- :s | }

clock struck one, The mouse ran down, Hick-o - ry, Dick-o - ry, Dock!.....

# Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

SECOND TUNE.

JAMES SHAW.

*Allegretto.*

KEY E.

Spoken. Tick tock! Tick tock! Tick tock! Tick tock! Hick-o - ry, Dick-o - ry,

*pp*

Dock! The mouse ran up the clock: The clock struck one,

The mouse ran down. Hicko - ry, Dicko - ry, Dock! Hicko - ry, Dicko - ry,

*Slower and slower.*

Dock! Tick tock! Tick tock! Tick tock! Tick tock!

*dim in u en do. ppp*

# Hot Cross Buns.

KEY G.

Hot Cross buns! Hot Cross buns! One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny, Hot Cross buns!

If you have no daugh-ters, give them to your sons. One a pen-ny, two a pen-ny, Hot Cross buns!

# \*My Lady's Garden.

or, Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

From J. C. HOOK, 1805.

KEY E.

How does my la - dy's gar - den grow, How does my la - dy's gar - den grow? With

sil - ver bells and coc - kle shells And pret-ty maidsall of a row.

\* Another common form of this rhyme begins:—"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?" but it has no old tune, and is perhaps only a later corruption of the above.



# Humpty Dumpty.

KEY C.

Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty had a great fall:

The first system of the musical score for 'Humpty Dumpty' is in 8/8 time and the key of C major. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are 'Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty had a great fall:'. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a descending line at the end of the phrase.

All the king's hors-es and all the king's men Couldn't pick up Hump - ty Dumpty a - gain.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'All the king's hors-es and all the king's men Couldn't pick up Hump - ty Dumpty a - gain.'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble.

# I delighted am with me.

CAVENDISH MORTON.

MARTIN SHAW.

KEY F.

I de - light-ed am with me, I can sing and I can see, I can dance on tip - py - toes

The first system of the musical score for 'I delighted am with me' is in 4/4 time and the key of F major. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are 'I de - light-ed am with me, I can sing and I can see, I can dance on tip - py - toes'. The melody is more complex than the first song, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

To the way the mu - sic goes. What could a - ny bet - ter be?

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'To the way the mu - sic goes. What could a - ny bet - ter be?'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble.



hire, I would not lend my po - ny now, For all the la - dy's hire.

## The Frog and the Mouse.

"DEUTEROMELIA," 1609.

KEY G.  
It was the Frogge in the Well, hum - ble dum, hum-ble dum, And the merrie Mouse in the Mill, twee-dle, tweedle twino.

It was the Frogge in the Well,  
humble dum, humble dum,  
And the merrie Mouse in the Mill,  
tweedle, tweedle twino.

The Frogge would a-woeing ride...  
Sword and buckler by his side...

When he was on high horse set...  
His boots they shone as black as jet...

When he came to the merrie Mill pin...  
"Lady Mouse beene you within?"...

Then came out the dusty Mouse...  
"I am Lady of this house"...

"Hast thou any minde of me?"...  
"I have e'en great minde of thee"...

"O, who shall this marriage make?"...

"Our good lord which is the Rat"...

"What shall we have to our supper?"...

"Three beanes in a pound of butter"...

When supper they were at...

The Frog, the Mouse, and even the Rat...

Then came in Gib our Cat...

And catcht the Mouse even by the backe...

Then came in Dicke our Drake...

And drew the Frogge even to the lake...

Then the Rat ran up the wall...

A goodly company withall...



# The little nut tree.

Year 1506.

KEY Eb. { d | d . r : d . m | s : s | l . l : l . d' | s : - | f . f : f . s | m : m | r . f : r . t<sub>i</sub> | d : - . d |

I had a lit - tle nut - tree : nothing would it bear, But a sil - ver nut - meg and a golden pear. The

r. I

D.S.

{ d . r : d . m | s : s | l . s : l . d' | s : - . s | l . d' : s . m | l : f . f | m . f : r : d : - . |

King of Spain's daugh - ter came to vis - it me, And all for the sake of my lit - tle nut - tree.  
skipp'd o - ver wa - ter, I danced o - ver sea, And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

D.S.

# I love Sixpence.

Lah is G.

{ d : d | t<sub>i</sub> : m | l<sub>i</sub> . l<sub>i</sub> : t<sub>i</sub> . l<sub>i</sub> | s<sub>e</sub> : m | d : d | t<sub>i</sub> : m | l<sub>i</sub> . l<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>e</sub> : s<sub>e</sub> : l<sub>i</sub> : - {

1. I love six - pence, pretty lit - tle six - pence, I love six - pence bet - ter than my life.  
2. Oh, my four - pence, pretty lit - tle four - pence, I love four - pence bet - ter than my life.  
3. Oh, my two - pence, pretty lit - tle two - pence, I love two - pence bet - ter than my life.  
4. Oh, my no - thing, pretty lit - tle no - thing, What will no - thing buy for my wife?

{ m : m . m | r . r : s . s | d : r . d | t<sub>i</sub> . t<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>i</sub> | l<sub>i</sub> : l<sub>i</sub> . t<sub>i</sub> | d : t<sub>i</sub> | l<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>e</sub> : s<sub>e</sub> : l<sub>i</sub> : - ||

I spent a pen - ny of it, I lent an - o - ther, And I took four - pence home to my wife.  
I spent a pen - ny of it, I spent an - o - ther, And I took two - pence home to my wife.  
I spent a pen - ny of it, I spent an - o - ther, And I took no - thing home to my wife.  
I have no - thing, I spend no - thing, I love no - thing better than my wife!

# Little Pussy.

*Allegretto.*

JAMES SHAW.

*mp* (purr.) dim - in - u - en - do. FINE.

*mp*

KEY F. : s | d : r : m | s : s : - | - : - : - | - : : s | d : r : m | s : - : - | - : - : - |

I love lit - tle pus - sy : ..... Her coat is so warm ; .....  
*mp*

{ | - : : s | d : r : m | l : l : - | - : - : - | - : : l | r : m : f | l : - : - | - : - : - | }

..... And if I don't hurt her, ..... She'll do me no harm. ....

{ | - : : s | f : m : r | m : - : - | - : - : - | - : : m | r : d : t | d : - : - | - : - : - | }

..... I won't pull her tail, ..... Nor drive her a - way, .....

{ | - : : d | r : m : f | s : - : - | - : - : - | - : : s | f : m : r | d : - : - | - : - : - | }

..... But pus - sy and I ..... To - ge - ther will play. ....

D.C. AL FINE.

## Bed in Summer.

R. L. STEVENSON.

JOHN IRELAND.

*Allegretto e semplice.*

KEY F.

In win - ter I get up at night, And dress by yel - low can - dle-light;

*p leggiero, non marcato.*

{ | : : | : : | f :- : s | f :- : m | f :- : s | f :- : m | r :- : d | l, :- : s | m :- : - | - :- : r }  
 In sum - mer, quite the o - ther way, I have to go to bed by

day. I have to go to bed and see The birds still hop - ping

*pp*

*Ped.*

on the tree, Or hear the grown-up peo-ple's feet Still go-ing

May be had separately in Key F (Low Voice) or Key A5 (High Voice) in Curwen Edition No. 2129. Price 2s.



First system of musical notation for 'Lavender's blue'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has lyrics: 'past me in the street, And does it not seem hard to you, When'. The piano part includes dynamic markings *pp*, *mp*, *cres*, *dim*, and *do.*, and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with: 'all the sky is clear and blue, And I should like so much to play, To'. The piano part includes dynamic markings *mf* and *p*. A '(Nine-pulse measure.)' is indicated above the vocal line.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with: 'have to go to bed by day?'. The piano part includes tempo markings *poco rit.* and *a tempo.*, dynamic markings *pp* and *leggeriss.*, and the instruction 'dim - in - u - en - do.'. A 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction is at the end.

## Lavender's blue.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a key signature of one flat (F) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes three verses of lyrics and their corresponding musical notation.

KEY F.

1. Lav-en-der's blue, diddle, diddle, Laven-der's green; When I am king, diddle, diddle, You shall be queen.  
 2. Call up your men, diddle, diddle, Set them to work; Some to the plough, diddle, diddle, Some to the cart.  
 3. Some to make hay, diddle, diddle, Some to cut corn; Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle, Keep ourselves warm.

# If all the world were paper.

17th Century (?).

KEY C.

1. If all the world were pa - - per, And all the sea were ink, And  
 2. If all the world were sand - - a, Oh, then what should we lack-o? If  
 3. If all our ves - sels ran - - a, If none but had a crack, If

all the trees were bread and cheese, What should we do for drink?  
 as they say, there were no clay, How should we take to - bacco?  
 Span - ish apes eat all the grapes, How should we do for sack?

# Little Miss Muffet.

*Allegretto (not too quick).*

JAMES SHAW.

KEY E♭.

Lit - tle Miss Muf-fet Sat on a tuf - fet, Eat - ing of curds and whey. There

came a big spi - der, Who sat down be - side her, And frightened Miss Muf-fet a - way!

# Jack and Jill.

FIRST TUNE.

KEY C.

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - - ter ;

Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - - ter.

# Jack and Jill.

SECOND TUNE.

JAMES SHAW.

*Allegro.*  
*mf*

*Lah is E.*

Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - - ter ; Jack fell down and

broke his crown, (*Bump.*) And Jill came tum-bling af - - ter.

*f*



# Little Bo-Peep.

FIRST TUNE.

KEY G.

{ | d : d : d | d :- : d | r :- : r | r :- : r | m :- : s | s : f : m | m :- : - | r :- : - }  
 Lit - tle Bo - peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them.

{ | s : m : m | m :- : m | f :- : r | r :- : r | m :- : m | r :- : r | d :- : - | d :- : - }  
 Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, And bring their tails be - hind them.

# Little Bo-Peep.

SECOND TUNE

JAMES SHAW.

*Allegretto.*

KEY F.

{ | d : r : m | r :- : d | l :- : t | d :- : m | s :- : m | m : r : d | r :- : - | r :- : - | s : l : t | l :- : s | m :- : f e | s :- : l }  
 Lit-tle Bo-peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them. Leave them alone and they'll come home, And

{ | s :- : r | f : m : r | d :- : - | d :- : - | : : : : : | : : : : : | t : m : m | s :- : l | s :- : f | r :- : r }  
 bring their tails be - hind them. C.t. Lit-tle Bo-peep fell fast a - sleep, And

*res.*

{ m :- : s l : s : m | f :- :- r :- : r | m f : s | s :- : m | f : s : l | l :- : t | d' : t : l | t : d' : r' | d' s :- :- s :- : - }  
 dreamt she heard them bleat - ing; But when she a-woke she found it a joke, For they were still a - fleet - ing. ....

*f. ff.*

*res.*

{ - : : | : : s | d : r : m | r :- : d | l :- : t | d :- : m | s :- : m | m : r : d | r :- : - | r :- : s | s : l : t | l :- : s }  
 ... Then up she took her lit - tle crook, De - ter - min'd for to find them : She found them all, both

*poco rit.* *a tempo.*

{ m :- : fe | s :- : l | s :- : r | f : m : r | d :- : - | d :- : - | : : | t : : | : : | : : }  
 great and small, And with their tails be - hind them.

## Jack Sprat.

Year 1659.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
 His wife could eat no lean;  
 And so betwixt them both, you see,  
 They licked the platter clean.

For Jack eat all the lean,  
 And Joan eat all the fat:  
 The bone they picked it clean  
 And gave it to the cat.

# King Stephen.

KEY E $\flat$ .

{ .r | m .r :d :- .r | m .r :d :- .m | f .l :s :- .m | r :- :m }  
 1. King Ste - phen was a wor - thy king, As an - cient bards do sing: He  
 2. A bag pud - ding the queen she made, And stuff'd it full of plums, And  
 3. The king and queen sat down to dine, And all the court be - side; And

bought three pecks of bar - ley meal To make a bag pud - ding.  
 in it put great lumps of fat As big as my two thumbs.  
 what they could not eat that night, The queen next morn - ing fried.

# Ladybird.

R. SPOFFORTH, 1806.

KEY E $\flat$ .

{ | m :f :s | m :f :s | f :m :f | m :- :d | d :r :m | d :r :m | r :d :r | d :- :- }  
 La - dy - bird, la - dy - bird, fly a - way home! Your house is on fire, Your chil - dren at home,

{ | r :m :f | m :f :s | r :m :f | m :- :- | s :f :m | l :t :d | m :f :r | d :- :- }  
 All but one that lies un - der a stone. Ply thee home, la - dy - bird, ere it be gone!



# Little Boy Blue.

JAMES SHAW.

KEY G. { d : d : d | d :- : r | m : r : m | d :- : s, | d :- : r | m :- : f | s :- : l | s :- : f | m :- : d | r :- : t, | }

Lit-tle Boy Blue, come blow up your horn : The sheep are in the mea - dow, The cow is in the

{ d :- : - : - : - : | f :- : m | f :- : l | s :- : m | d :- : - : | r : r : de | r :- : m | r :- : t, | s, :- : - : }

corn. Where's the boy that minds the sheep? Un-der a hay - stack fast a - sleep.

*poco rit. f a tempo.*

{ f :- : m | f :- : l | s :- : m | d :- : - : | f :- : m | r : d : r || m :- : d | l, :- : - : | t, :- : - : || d : d : d | d :- : r | }

Will you wake him? No, not I! If I do, he'll be sure to cry. Lit-tle Boy Blue, come

(Nine-pulse measure.) (Six-pulse measure.)

{ m : r : m | d :- : s, | d :- : r | m :- : f | s :- : l | s :- : f | m :- : d | r :- : t, | d :- : - : - : - : }

blow up your horn : The sheep are in the mea - dow, The cow is in the corn,

# Little Jack Horner.

FIRST TUNE.

KEY F.

{ f :m :f | r :- :r | m :r :m | d :- :d | f :m :f | r :- :r | s :- :- | :- :m }

Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing a Christ - mas pie : ..... He

{ f :m :f | r :- :r | m :r :m | d :- :d | r :f :m | r :d :t | d :- :- | :- : }

put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!" .....

# Little Jack Horner.

Moderato.  
mp

SECOND TUNE.

JAMES SHAW.

KEY C.

{ d' :d' :t | :- :t | l :l :l | s :- :s | f :f :f | m :f :s | r :- :- | :- :r }

Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing a Christ - mas pie : ..... He

{ m :f :s | s :- :m | f :s :l | l :- :t | d' :t :l | t :d' :r | d' :- :- | :- : }

put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

# Polly Flinders.

JAMES SHAW.

KEY G.

{ d . d : d . d | d : d | r . m : r . d | t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d' : t<sub>1</sub> . d | l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : d . m | r : — | — : s }  
 Lit-tle Pol-ly Flin - ders Sat a-mong the cin - ders, Warm - ing her pret-ty lit - tle toes. Her

{ s . l : s . f | m : d . d | f . s : f . m | r : t<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d : l<sub>1</sub> . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> | d : — | — : — ||  
 mother came and caught her, And whipped her lit - tle daugh - ter For spoil - ing her nice new clothes.

# Tom Tucker.

KEY G.

{ d : - . r : m | r : - : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - . r : m | r : - : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - . r : m | s : - : f | m : - . r : d | r : - : s<sub>1</sub> }  
 Lit - tle Tom Tuck - er Sings for his sup - per, What shall he sing for? White bread and but - ter.

{ s : - . f : m | r : r : s<sub>1</sub> | s : - . f : m | r : - : - | s : - . f : m | r : r : l<sub>1</sub> | f : - . m : r | d : - : - ||  
 How can he cut it With - out an-y knife? How can he mar-ry With - out an-y wife?



# Mary had a little lamb.

Early Nineteenth Century.  
(The up-beat for v. 2 and 3.)

MARTIN SHAW.

KEY G.

1. Mary had a lit-tle lamb: Its fleece was white as snow; And ev'-rywhere that Mary went The lamb was sure to go.

1 Mary had a little lamb:  
Its fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The lamb was sure to go.

2 He followed her to school one day,—  
That was against the rule:  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.

3 So the teacher turned him out:  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about,  
Till Mary should appear;

4 And then he ran to her and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,  
You'll keep me from all harm."

5 "What makes the lamb love Mary so?"  
The eager children cry.  
"Oh Mary loves the lamb, you know,"  
The teacher made reply;

6 "And you each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your call,  
If you are always kind."

# My daddy is dead.

KEY E.

1. My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how. He left me six hors-es to fol-low the plough: With my

Lightly.

whim wham waddle-o! Strim stram straddle-o! bub-ble-o! Pretty boy, ov-er the brow!

1 My daddy is dead, but I cannot tell how.  
He left me six horses to follow the plough:  
With my whim wham waddle-o!  
Strim stram straddle-o! bubble-o!  
Pretty boy, over the brow.

2 I sold my six horses to buy me a cow;  
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough?

3 I sold my cow for to buy me a calf,  
For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half:

4 I sold my calf for to buy me a cat,  
To sit before the fire, and to warm her little back:

5 I sold my cat for to buy me a mouse,  
But her tail took fire, and so burnt up my house:

# An Acre of Land.

Noted by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS  
from MR. FRANK BAILEY at Coombe Bisset, 1904.

KEY G. } :m | d :- :d | d :- :m m | d :- :d :d | d :- : | s :- : | s :- :f | m :- :f | s :- :s |

1. My fa - ther left me an a - cre of land: There goes this i - ver - y. My

(Nine-pulse measure.) (Six-pulse measure.)

} | l :- :l | f :- :s | l :- :s | l :- :f | m :- : | d :- :r | m :- :f | m :- :r | d :- :l | l :- :t | d :- : |

fa - ther left me an a - cre of land: And a bunch of green hol - ly and i - ver - y.\*

1 My father left me an acre of land:

There goes this ivery.\*

My father left me an acre of land:

And a bunch of green holly and ivery.

2 I ploughed it with my ram's horn:

I sowed it with my thimble:

3 I harrowed it with my bramble-bush:

I reaped it with my penknife:

4 I sent it home in a walnut shell:

I threshed it with my needle and thread:

5 I winnowed it with my handkerchief:

I sent it to mill with a team of great rats:

6 The carter brought a curly whip:

The whip did pop and the waggon did stop:

\* This word is usually written "ivy," but here it must be pronounced "ivery."

# The Scarecrow.

KEY F. } :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | l :- :f | r :- :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | l :- :f | r :- :d | d :- :m | s :- :m |

1. O all you lit - tle black - ey tops, Pray don't you eat my fa - ther's crops, While I lie down to

} | l :- :f | r :- :s | s :- : | - :f:m:f | r :- : | - :m | f :- : | - :m:r:m | d :- : | - : |

take a nap— Shu-a O! Shu-a O!

Ped,

1 O all you little blackey tops,  
Pray don't you eat my father's crops,  
While I lie down to take a nap.

Shu-a-O! Shu-a-O!

2 If father he by chance should come,  
With his cocked hat and his long gun,  
Then you must fly, and I must run—

Shu-a-O! Shu-a-O!

# Oh dear! what can the matter be?

KEY Eb. { s :- :- | s :- :- | s :m :d! | s :m :d | f :- :- | f :- :- | f :r :m | f :m :r }  
O dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat-ter be?

{ s :- :- | s :- :- | s :m :d! | s :m :d | l, :d :f | m :f :r | d :- :- | - : s }  
O dear! what can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. 1. He 2. He

FINE.

{ s :m :f | s :m :f | s :m :d! | s :m :d | f :r :m | f :r :m | f :r :m | f :m :r }  
pro-mis'd to buy me a bunch of blue rib - bons, He pro-mis'd to buy me a bunch of blue rib - bons, He  
pro-mis'd he'd bring me a bas - ket of pos - ies, A gar - land of lil - ies, a gar - land of ros - es, A

{ s :m :f | s :m :f | s :m :d! | s :m :d | l, :d :f | m :f :r | d :- :- | - : m :f }  
pro-mis'd to buy me a bunch of blue rib - bons, To tie up my bon - ny brown hair, ..... And it's  
lit - tle straw hat, to set off the blue rib - bons, That tie up my bon - ny brown hair, ..... D.C. AL FINE.

D.C. AL FINE.



## Mother Hubbard.

MARTIN SHAW.

KEY G.

{ m : f : m | r : d : r | m : f : m | r : d : r | m : f : m | r : - : d | r : - : - | - : - : r }  
 Old Mo-ther Hub-bard She went to the cup-board, To get her poor dog a bone:..... But

{ f : s : f | m : - : m | f : s : f | m : - : m | f : s : f | m : - : r | d : - : - | - : - : - ||  
 when she got there, The cup-board was bare, And so the poor dog had none.

## Perry Merry.

KEY F.

{ s | d . d : m . m | r . m : d | d , t | . d , r : m . m | r . m : d . s | d . d : m . m }  
 O my true love lives far from me, Perry merry dix-i Dom-i-ne, And many a gift he

{ r . m : d | d | . d : d . d | d , d . d , d : d , d , d | d , t | . d , r : m . m | r . m : d . }  
 sends to me, Pe-trum par-trum, Par-a-di-so tem-po-re, Per-ry mer-ry dix-i Dom-i-ne.

(The Riddle.)

O my true love lives far from me,  
 Perry merry dixi Domine,  
 And many a gift he sends to me,  
 Petrum partrum paradiso tempore,  
 Perry merry dixi Domine.

He sent me a goose without a bone:  
 He sent me a cherry without a stone:  
 Petrum partrum, &c.

He sent me a book no man could read:  
 He sent me a blanket without a thread:  
 Petrum partrum, &c.

(The answer: An egg—A cherry blossom.)

When the goose is in shell, there is no bone;  
 When the cherry's in blossom, there is no stone:  
 Petrum partrum, &c.

(A forme of type—A fleece.)

When the book's set out for press, no man can read:  
 When the blanket's but a fleece, there is no thread:  
 Petrum partrum, &c.

## Simple Simon.

*mp Allegretto.*

JAMES SHAW.

KEY F.

1 Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie - man, Go - ing to the fair:..... Says Sim - ple Si - mon

*mp*

to the pie - man, "Let me taste your ware." Says the pie - man un - to Si - mon,

*p*

"Show me first your penny: ".... Says Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie man, "In-deed, I have not a - ny.".....

Sim - ple Si - mon went a - fish - ing For to catch a whale;..... And all the wa - ter he had got Was

in his mo-ther's pail, . . . . . And all the wa-ter he had got was in his mo-ther's pail.

1 Simple Simon met a pieman  
Going to the fair:  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
"Let me taste your ware."

2 Says the pieman unto Simon,  
"Show me first your penny:"  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
"Indeed I have not any."

3 Simple Simon went a-fishing  
For to catch a whale;  
And all the water he had got  
Was in his mother's pail.

## Dilly, Dilly.

KEY  $\text{E}\flat$ .  
1. "O, what have you got for din-ner, Mrs. Bond?" "There's beef in the

lard er, and ducks in the pond, Cry-ing Dil-ly, di-ly, di-ly, dil-ly, come to be

killed; For you must be stuffed, and my cus-to-mers filled." **SPOKEN—**  
Quack, quack, quack!

1 "O, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?"  
"There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the pond,  
Crying, Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed;  
For you must be stuffed, and my customers filled."  
*Quack, quack, quack!*

2 "John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two,  
John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two,  
Cry Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed;  
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."  
*Quack, quack, quack!*

3 "I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond,  
And they won't come to be killed, Mrs. Bond:  
I cried Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,  
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."  
*Quack, quack, quack!*

4 Mrs. Bond she went down to the pond in a rage,  
With her apron full of onions, and her pockets full of sage.  
She cried, "Come, little wagtails, come to be killed;  
For you shall be stuffed, and my customers filled."  
*Quack, quack, quack!*



# Polly, put the kettle on.

KEY G.

{ s .l :s .f | m .d :d | r .m :r .d | t<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | s .l :s .f | m .d :d .m | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- }  
 Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on, Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on, Pol-ly, put the ket-tle on: We'll all have tea.

{ m .d :f .r | m .d :d | f .l<sub>1</sub> :r .d | t<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | m .d :f .r | m .d :d .m | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> ,t<sub>1</sub> | d :- }  
 Su-key, take it off a - gain, Su-key, take it off a - gain, Su-key, take it off again: They've all gone a - way.

# Pussy cat, pussy cat.

KEY G.

{ s<sub>1</sub> :d :d | d :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :m :d | r :- :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :m :f | s :s :m | d :- :- }  
 Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, where have you been? "I've been up to Lon-don to look at the Queen."

{ s<sub>1</sub> :d :d | d :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :m :d | r :- :l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :m :f | s :s :m | d :- :- }  
 Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, what did you there? "I frightened a lit - tle mouse un - der the chair."

## Margery See-saw.

KEY C. { d :- :- | s :- :- | m :r :m | d :- :- | d :- :d | s :- :s | m :r :m | d :- :- }

See - - saw, Mar - ge - ry Daw Sold her bed to lie up - on straw.

Was - n't she a dirt - y slut, To sell her bed and lie in the dirt?

## Johnnie See-saw.

JAMES SHAW.

KEY D. { d' :- :- | s :- :- | d' :d' :d' | s :- :- | d' :d' :d' | s :l :ta | l :- :- | f :- :- }

See - - saw, Mar - ge - ry Daw, John - nie shall have a new mas - ter :

{ s :- :s | r :r :r | s :s :s | r :- :m | f :m :f | r :s :f | m :- :- | d :- :- }

He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he won't work an - y fast - - er.

# Sing a song of sixpence.

FIRST TUNE.

Mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher, 16th century.

KEY C. { | d' .t : l .s | d' : m .m | s .l : s .m | s : - | d' .t : l .s | d' : m | r .m : f .s | l : - .l }  
 1. Sing a song of six - pence, A poc-ket full of rye— Four-and-twenty black - birds Baked in a pie. And

{ | s .d' : d' .d' | d' : d' .d' | t .r' : r' .r' | r' : - .r' | m' .r' : d' .t | d' .t : l .s | l .d' : t .r' | d' : - }  
 when the pie was o - pened, The birds be-gan to sing. O wasn't that a dainty dish To set be-fore the king?

1 Sing a song of sixpence,  
 A pocket full of rye—  
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
 Baked in a pie.

And when the pie was opened,  
 The birds began to sing,  
 O wasn't that a dainty dish  
 To set before the king?

2 The king was in his counting-house,  
 Counting out his money :  
 The queen was in the parlour  
 Eating bread and honey :

The maid was in the garden  
 Hanging out the clothes,—  
 When down flew a little bird  
 And pecked off her nose.

# Sing a song of sixpence.

SECOND TUNE.

JAMES SHAW.

KEY Bb. { | d .d : l, .d | t, : s, .s | l, l, - : f, .l | s, : - | d .d : l, .d | t, : s, | l, : f, .l | s, : - .s, }  
 1. Sing a song of six - pence, A pocket full of rye— Four-and-twenty black - birds Baked in a pie, And

{ | f, .s : l, .t | d : s, .s | l, .t | d .r | m : - .m | f, .s : l, .t | d .r | m .d | s .s : r .m | d : - (s, ) }  
 when the pie was o - pened The birds began to sing. O was-n't that a dain-ty dish To set be-fore the king? 2. The



# The Lion and the Unicorn.

Allegro.

JAMES SHAW.

KEY F.

{ .s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> | ḍ .ḍ :ḍ .ḍ | ṛ .ṛ :ṛ .ṛ | ṃ :- .ḍ | ḍ .ḍ :ḍ .ḍ | f̣ .f̣ :f̣ | ṃ :ḷ „sṣ | :- }  
 The li - on and the u - ni - corn Were fighting for the crown : The li - on beat the u - ni - corn All round the town.

{ | ḍ' :ṭ .ṭ | ḷ ṃ | ṭ :ḷ .ḷ | ṣ :- | ḷ :ṣ .ṣ | f̣ :ṣ .ḷ | ṣ .f̣ :ṃ .ṛ | ḍ :- . }  
 Some gave them white bread, Some gave them brown, Some gave them plum-cake, And sent them out of town.

# The North Wind.

KEY A.

{ :s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :ḍ :ḍ | ḍ :ṭ :ḍ | ṃ :ṛ :ṛ | ṛ :- :ṛ | ṃ :f̣ :ṃ | ṃ :ṛ :ḍ | ṛ :- :ṣ | ṣ :- :ṣ | }  
 The north wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And what will poor Rob-in do then, poor thing? He'll

{ | s<sub>1</sub> :ḍ :ḍ | ḍ :ṭ :ḍ | ṃ :ṛ :ṛ | ṛ :- :ṛ | ṃ :f̣ :ṃ | ṛ :ḍ :ṛ | ṃ :- :ḍ | ḍ :- }  
 sit in a barn, And keep him - self warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing!

# The Cow.

R. L. STEVENSON.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses,"

by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green &amp; Co.

*Allegretto.**mp*

GEOFFREY SHAW.

KEY C.

1. The friend - ly cow all red and white I love with all my heart; She

*mp*

gives me cream with all her might, To eat with ap - ple tart, To eat with ap - ple

*p*

tart. She wan - ders low - ing

*mf*

*marcato.*

here and there, And yet she can - not stray, All in the plea - sant o - pen air. The



*p* *dim - in - u - en - do.*

{ | s :- :m | d :m :s | l :- :- | - : :t | s :- :m | d :m :s | l :- :- | - : - : - : - : - : - : }  
 plea - sant light of day, The plea - sant light of day.

*mp*

{ | - : - : - : | : : | : : | : : | : s | m :- :m | s :- :s | l :- :l | m :- :r | m :- :s | l :t :d' }  
 And blown by all the winds that pass, And wet with all the

*mp*

*p*

{ | s :- :- | - : :s | m :- :m | s :- :s | d' :m' :r' | d' :- :l | s :- :m | d :m :s | l :- :- | - : :t }  
 showers, She walks a - mong the mea - dow grass, And eats the mea - dow flowers, And

*p*

*dim - in - u - en - do.*

{ | s :- :m | d :m :s | l :- :- | - : - : - : - : - : - : - : - : - : - : - : - : }  
 eats the mea - dow flowers.

*pp.*  
*un poco rall.*



# The Queen of Hearts.

MARTIN SHAW.

*Allegretto.*

KEY G. B.4. 4.G.

{ :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :r | m :- :f | m :- :r | d :- :t<sub>1</sub>s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :r | m :- :r | d :- : - | - : - :d<sub>1</sub>m | s :- :f | m :- :f }

The Queen of hearts she made some tarts, All on a sum - mer's day :..... The Knave of Hearts he

{ | m :- :r | d :- :m | r :- :d | t<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> | r :- : - | - : - :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :r | m :- :f | m :- :r | d :- :t<sub>1</sub>s<sub>1</sub> }

stole those tarts, And took them clean a - way :..... The King of Hearts called for the tarts, And

{ | d :- :r | m :- :r | d :- : - | - : - :d<sub>1</sub>m | s :- :f | m :- :f | m :- :r | d :- :m | r :- :l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : - | - : - }

beat the Knave full sore :..... The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts, And vowed he'd steal no more :.....

# The four loves.

*Moderato.*

KEY F.

{ :s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | d :r :m | f :r :m | - : - :s | s :s | s :s | d' :- :s | - :f | m :m | r :r | d :- : - }

The hart he loves the high wood, The hare he loves the hill, The knight he loves his bright sword, The la - dy loves her will.

# The Lady and the Swine.

KEY E.

{ :s, | d .r :m :r | s :m :d | d' :t :l | s :— :— )

1. There was a la - dy lov'd a swine: "Hon - ey," said she,  
 2. "I'll build for thee a sil - ver sty, Hon - ey," said she,  
 3. "I'll latch it with a sil - ver pin, Hon - ey," said she,  
 4. "O, wilt thou then have me now, Hon - ey?" said she,

{ | d .r :m :r | s :m :d | s :— :— :s, | d :— :— |

"Pig - bog, wilt thou be mine?" "Huno," said he.  
 "So that in it thou shalt lie." "Huno," said he.  
 "That thou mayst go out and in." "Huno," said he.  
 "Speak, or else my heart will break." "Huno," said he.

## One, two, buckle my shoe.

One, two,  
 Buckle my shoe:  
 Three, four,  
 Shut the door:  
 Five, six,  
 Pick up sticks:  
 Seven, eight,  
 Lay them straight:  
 Nine, ten,  
 A good fat hen:  
 Eleven, twelve,  
 Dig and delve:  
 Thirteen, fourteen,  
 Maids a-courting:  
 Fifteen, sixteen,  
 Maids a-kissing:  
 Seventeen, eighteen,  
 Maids a-waiting:  
 Nineteen, twenty,  
 My plate's empty.

## The man with the gun.

KEY C. } s | s . l : s . f | m : f . s | l . l : l . l | s : s . s | l . t : d' | m' . r' : d' . t | d' : d' | d' : d' . r' }

1. There was a lit-tle man, And he had a lit-tle gun, And his bul-lets were made of lead, lead, lead. He  
 2. And then he took it home To his lit-tle wife Joan, And told her a fire for to make, make, make, To  
 3. The drake he was a swimming With his little curl-y tail, The lit-tle man made it his mark, mark, mark, He

went to the brook, And he saw a lit-tle duck, And he shot it through the head, head, head.  
 roast the lit-tle duck That he'd shot in the brook, While he went to look for the drake, drake, drake.  
 let off his gun, But he fired too soon, And the drake flew a - way with a quack, quack, quack!

## The Hungry Old Woman.

KEY G } s : s : m : m | m : f : r | r : d : d | d : - : s | s : t : t : t : d : r | r : d : d | d : - : - }

1. There was an old wo - man, and what do you think? She lived up - on nothing but vic - tuals and drink :  
 2. She went to the bak - er to buy her some bread, And when she came home her old hus - band was dead : She

Vic - tuals and drink were the whole of her di - et - This pla - guy old wo - man would nev - er be quiet.  
 went to the clerk to toll the bell, And when she came back her old hus - band was well.



# The Little Woman and the Pedlar.

KEY D.

{ .s | d : r : m . f | s : s : . s | d' : d' | l : | s : - | m : - | r . d : r . m | d : | d . r : m . f | s : s . s }

There was a lit-tle wo-man, as I've heard tell, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol. She went to market her

{ d' : d' . d' | l : | s : - | m : - | r . d : r . m | d : | d' : d' . d' | d : d . d | d' . d' : d' . d' | d : . d }

eggs for to sell, Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol. She went to mar-ket all on a market day: And

{ d' : d' . d' | t . t : t . t | l . s : l . t | s : | d . r : m . f | s : s | d' : d' | l : - | s : - | m : - | r . d : r . m | d : . }

she fell asleep upon the king's high-way. Fol de rol de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, diddle, diddle dol.

There was a little woman, as I've heard tell,  
Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.  
She went to market her eggs for to sell,  
Fol, lol, diddle, diddle, dol.  
She went to market all on a market day,  
And she fell asleep upon the king's highway.  
Fol de rol de lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lol,  
diddle, diddle, dol.

By came a pedlar, his name it was Stout...  
He cut her petticoats all round about...  
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,  
Which made the little woman to shiver and to freeze...

When this little woman began to awake...  
She began to shiver, and she began to shake...  
She began to shake, and she began to cry  
"Goodness! Mercy on me! this is none of I!"...  
"If I be I, as I do hope I be...  
I've a little dog at home, and he knows me...  
If I be I, he'll wag his little tail,  
But if I be not I, he'll bark and wail..."...

When this little woman went home in the dark...  
Up starts the little dog, and he began to bark...  
He began to bark, and she began to cry  
"Goodness! Mercy on me! this is none of I!"...

## The Months.

Year 1606.

TWO VERSIONS.

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November:  
February has twenty-eight alone,  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting Leap-year, that's the time  
When February's days are twenty-nine.

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November:  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting February alone,  
Which has but twenty-eight days clear,  
And twenty-nine in each Leap-year.

# Aikin Drum.

KEY G. } d :- r | m :- m | m :- d | f :- f | f :- r | m :- m | m :- d | r :- r | r :- r | m :- m | m :- d }

1. There was a man lived in the moon, Lived in the moon, lived in the moon, There was a man lived

{ f :- f | f :- f | m :- d | r :- r | d :- r | m :- m | m :- d | f :- f | f :- r }

in the moon, And his name was Aikin Drum: And he played up-on a ladle, a

{ m :- r | m :- d | r :- r | r :- d | r :- m | m :- m | m :- d | f :- f | f :- f | m :- d | r :- r | d :- r }

ladle, a ladle, And he played up-on a ladle, And his name was Aikin Drum.

- 1 There was a man lived in the moon,  
And his name was Aikin Drum:  
*And he played upon a ladle,  
And his name was Aikin Drum.*
- 2 His hat was made of good cream cheese,  
And his name was Aikin Drum:  
*And he played, &c.*
- 3 His coat was made of good roast beef,  
And his name was Aikin Drum:  
*And he played, &c.*

- 4 His buttons were made of penny loaves,  
And his name was Aikin Drum:  
*And he played, &c.*
- 5 His waistcoat was made of crust of pies,  
And his name was Aikin Drum:  
*And he played, &c.*
- 6 His breeches were made of haggis bags,  
And his name was Aikin Drum:  
*And he played, &c.*

## The Old Woman in the Shoe.

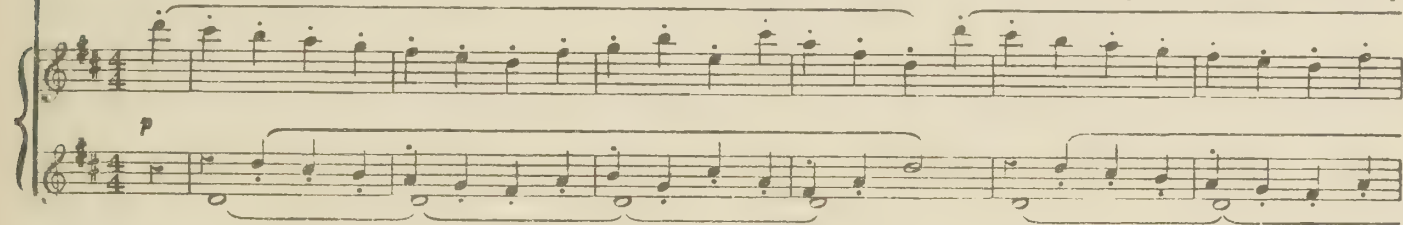
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe:  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;  
She gave them some broth without any bread;  
She whipped them all soundly and put them to bed.

# Paul's steeple.

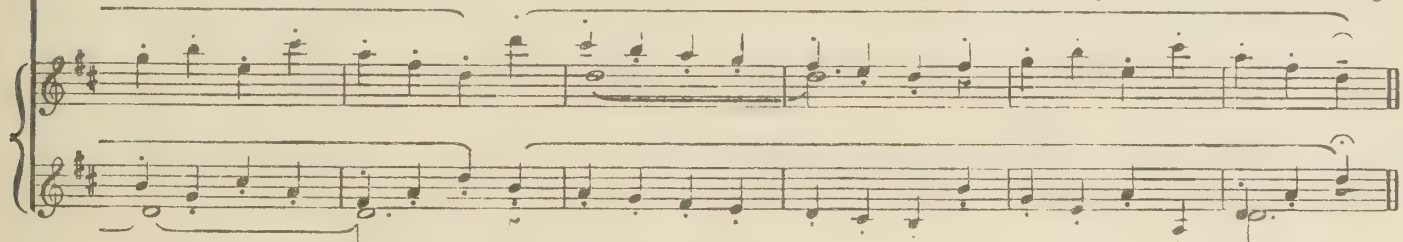
*Allegretto*

KEY D.

{ :d' | t :l | s :f | m :r | d :m | f :l | r :t | s :m | d :d' | t :l | s :f | m :r | d :m }  
 Up - on Paul's stee - ple stands a tree, As full of ap - ples as may be. The lit - tle boys of Lon - don town They



{ f :l | r :t | s :m | d :d' | t :l | s :f | m :r | d :m | f :l | r :t | s :m | d' ||  
 run with hooks to pull them down; And then they run from hedge to hedge. Un - til they come to Lon - don Bridge.



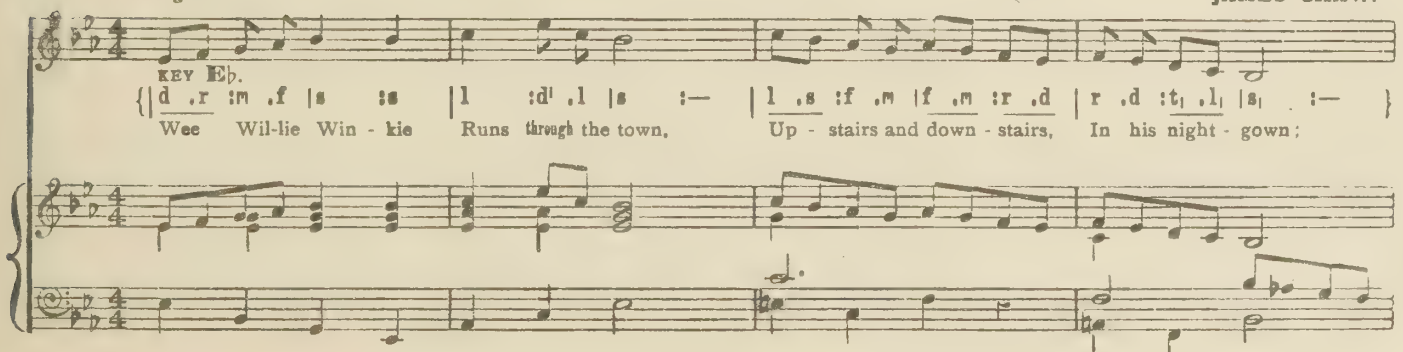
# Wee Willie Winkie.

*Allegro.*

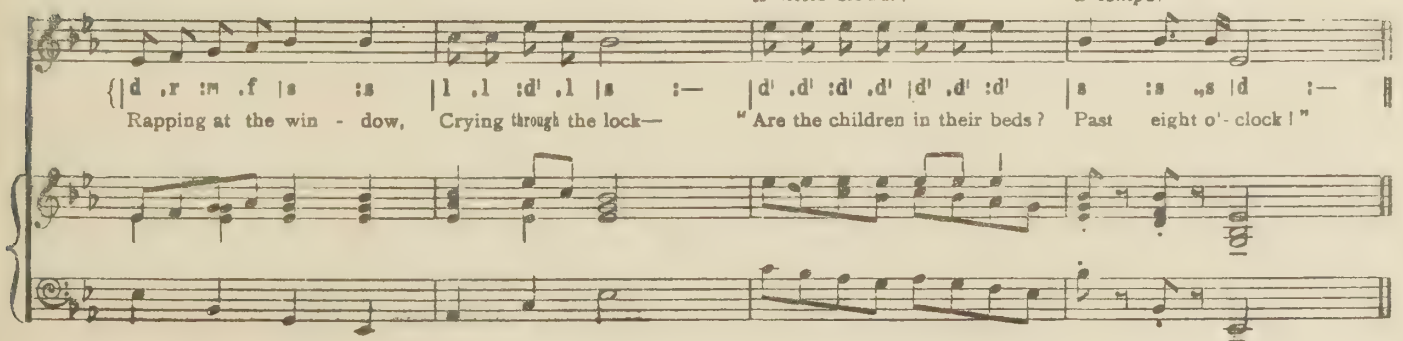
JAMES SHAW.

KEY Eb.

{ d' .r :m .f | s :s | l :d' .l | s :— | l .s :f .m | f .m :r .d | r .d :t' .l | s :— }  
 Wee Wil - lie Win - kie Runs through the town, Up - stairs and down - stairs, In his night - gown;

*A little slower.**a tempo.*

{ d' .r :m .f | s :s | l .l :d' .l | s :— | d' .d' :d' .d' | d' .d' :d' | s :s :s | d :— ||  
 Rapping at the win - dow, Crying through the lock— "Are the children in their beds? Past eight o' - clock!"







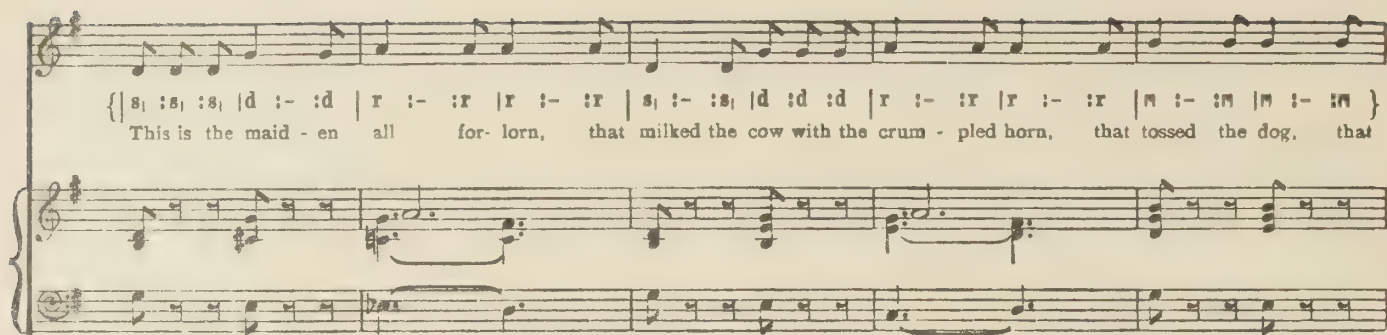
{ | : : | : : | : : | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d | r : r : r | r :- : r | s<sub>1</sub> :- : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d }  
 This is the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that

{ | r :- : r | r :- : r | m : m : m | s :- : m | r :- : - | d :- : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }  
 ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

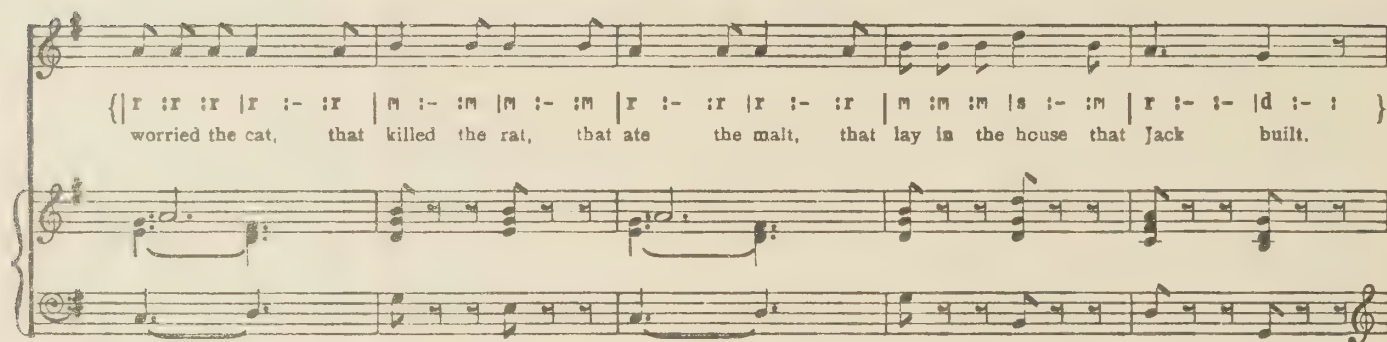
(Moo)

{ | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : d : d | r :- : r | r :- : r | s<sub>1</sub> :- : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d | r : r : r | r :- : r | s<sub>1</sub> :- : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d }  
 This is the cow with the crum - pled horn, That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that

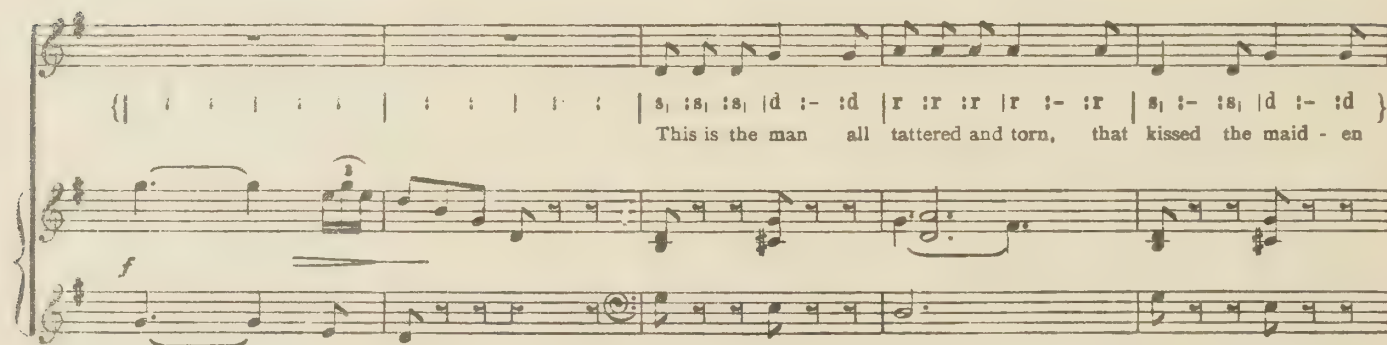
{ | r :- : r | r :- : r | m : m : m | s :- : m | r :- : - | d :- : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : }  
 ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.



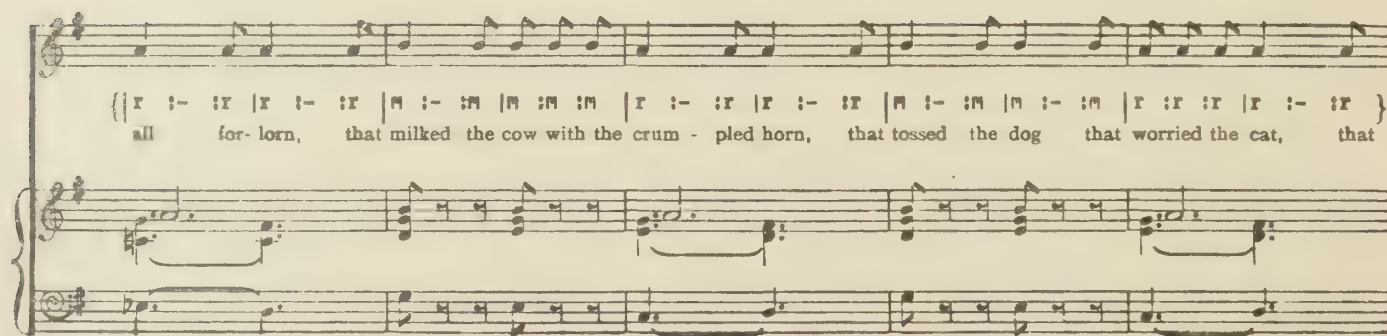
{ s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d | r :- : r | r :- : r | s<sub>1</sub> :- : s<sub>1</sub> | d : d : d | r :- : r | r :- : r | m :- : m | m :- : m }  
 This is the maid - en all for- lorn, that milked the cow with the crum - pled horn, that tossed the dog, that



{ r : r : r | r :- : r | m :- : m | m :- : m | r :- : r | r :- : r | m : m : m | s :- : s | r :- : r | d :- : }  
 worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.



{ | : : : : : | : : : : : | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d | r : r : r | r :- : r | s<sub>1</sub> :- : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d }  
 This is the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maid - en



{ r :- : r | r :- : r | m :- : m | m : m : m | r :- : r | r :- : r | m :- : m | m :- : m | r : r : r | r :- : r }  
 all for- lorn, that milked the cow with the crum - pled horn, that tossed the dog that worried the cat, that



{ | m :- m | m :- m | r :- r | r :- r | m m m | s :- m | r :- - | d :- : | } (Two pulse measure.)  
 killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

(Six-pulse measure.)  
 { | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | r :r :r | r :- :r | s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | r :r :r | r :- :r | s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | }  
 This is the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maid - en

{ | r :- :r | r :- :r | m :- :m | m m m | r :- :r | r :- :r | m :- :m | m :- :m | r :r :r | r :- :r | }  
 all for - lorn, that milked the cow with the crum - pled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that

{ | m :- m | m :- m | r :- r | r :- r | m m m | s :- m | r :- - | d :- : | : : : : : }  
 killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

|| : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d | r : r : r | r :- : r }

This is the cock that cawed in the morn, that

|| s<sub>1</sub> :- : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d | r : r : r | r :- : r | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d | r : r : r | r :- : r | s<sub>1</sub> :- : s<sub>1</sub> | d :- : d }

waked the priest all sha-ven and shorn, that married the man all tat-tered and torn, that kissed the maid - en

|| r :- : r | r :- : r | m :- : m | m : m : m | r :- : r | r :- : r | m :- : m | m :- : m | r : r : r | r :- : r }

all for-lorn, that milked the cow with the crum - pled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that

|| m :- : m | m :- : m | r :- : r | r :- : r | m : m : m | s :- : s | r :- : r | d :- : d | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : | : : |

killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

## Three Blind Mice.

(Original in Ravenscroft's Deuteromelia, 1609.)

KEY D

Three blind mice,..... Three blind mice:..... See how they run,.....

See how they run:..... They all ran af-ter the farm-er's wife,— She cut off their tails with the

carv-ing knife. Did ev-er you see such a sight in your life, As three blind mice?.....

## Tom, Tom, the piper's son.

KEY E<sup>b</sup>.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son, Stole a pig, and away he run. The pig was eat, and Tom was beat, And Tom went roaring down the street.



# Three children sliding.

JOHN GAY, 1685-1732.

GEOFFREY SHAW.

*Allegro.* *mf*

KEY F.

Three chil - dren slid - ing

*mp* *mf*

on the ice, Up-on a sum - mer's day, — It so fell out, they all fell in: The rest, they ran a -

*mp*

way. The rest they ran, the rest they ran a - way.

*mf*

Now had these chil - dren been at home, Or slid - ing on dry ground, Ten

May also be had separately in Curwen's Edition, 71370. Staff, 4d; Sol-fa, 2d.

*mp*

thou-sand pounds to one pen-ny They had not all been drowned, They had not all, they

*mf*

had not all been drowned. You pa-rents all that

chil-dren have, And you that have got none, If you would keep them safe a-broad, Pray keep them safe at

*mp*

home. Pray keep them safe, pray keep them safe at home

# Where are you going to, my pretty maid?

*mp Rather slow.*

KEY G. { d :-r:d | m :m :m | r :-d:r | d :- :- | m :-f:m | s :s :s | f :-m:f | m :- :d | d :-r:d | m :- :d }

1. "Where are you go-ing to, my pretty maid? Where are you go-ing to, my pretty maid?" "I'm go-ing a-milk-ing,

*mp*

{ t, :- :d | r :- :- | d :- :r | m :- :- | r :- :m | f :- :f | s :d :r | m :s :f | m :- :r | d :- :- }

Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "I'm go-ing a-milk-ing, Sir," she said.

1 "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going a-milking, Sir," she said.

2 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
"Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.

3 "What is your father, my pretty maid?"  
"My father's a farmer, Sir," she said.

4 "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"  
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

5 "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"  
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

## Twinkle, twinkle.

ANNE AND JANE TAYLOR.

MARTIN SHAW.

KEY G. (v. 3. spark! He)

{ :m .f | s .m :r .d | l, :t, .d | s, .d :t, .d | r, :m .f | s .m :r .d | l :r .m | s .f :m .r | d }

1. Twinkle, twinkle, lit-tle star: How I wonder what you are! Up a-bove the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.

1 Twinkle, twinkle, little star:  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

2 When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

3 As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveller in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

3 Then the traveller, in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark!  
He could not see which way to go,  
If you did not twinkle so.

4 In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often through my curtains peep;  
For you never shut your eye  
Till the sun is in the sky.



## SECTION II.—BABY RHYMES.

## Baby, Baby, Bunting.

KEY F.

Ba - by, Ba - by, Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a - hunt - ing,

Gone to get a rab - bit skin, To wrap the Ba - by Bunt - ing in.

The musical score for 'Baby, Baby, Bunting' is written in 6/8 time and the key of F major. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The lyrics are: 'Ba - by, Ba - by, Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a - hunt - ing, Gone to get a rab - bit skin, To wrap the Ba - by Bunt - ing in.' The melody is simple and repetitive, with a lullaby-like quality.

## Dance a Baby Diddy.

KEY F.

Dance a ba - by did - dy!— What can mam - my do wid - 'ee?

Sit in her lap, Give it some pap, And dance a ba - by did - dy!

The musical score for 'Dance a Baby Diddy' is written in 6/8 time and the key of F major. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The lyrics are: 'Dance a ba - by did - dy!— What can mam - my do wid - 'ee? Sit in her lap, Give it some pap, And dance a ba - by did - dy!' The melody is more rhythmic and lively than the first song, with a clear dance-like feel. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass.

# Dance, Thumbkin, Dance.

KEY G.

{ | m :— | m :d | r :— | — : | m :— | m :d | r :— | — : | d :s | s :m | }

Dance, Thumb-kin dance! Dance, Thumb-kin, dance! Thumb-kin can - not

(Move thumb.)

{ | f :m | r :m | f :m | r :d | t, :l, | s, :f | m :— | r :r | d :— | — : | }

dance a - lone; So dance, ye merry men, ev - 'ry one, And dance, Thumb-kin, dance!

Dance, Thumbkin, dance! (*Move all fingers.*)

Dance, Thumbkin, dance!

Thumbkin cannot dance alone;

So dance, ye merry men, everyone;

And dance, Thumbkin, dance!

Dance, Foreman, dance, etc. (*Move first finger.*)

Dance, Middleman, dance, etc. (*Second finger.*)

Dance, Ringman, dance, etc. (*Third finger.*)

Dance, Littleman, dance, etc. (*Little finger.*)

---

Other very old names for the five fingers are:—Thumb, Toucher, Longman, Lecheman (because a physician tasted things with this finger), and Littleman.

Or this:—

Tom Thumbkin,  
Bill Wilkin,  
Long Linkin,  
Bessy Bumpkin,  
And little Dick!

## Animal Noises.

*Bow, wow*, says the dog: *Mew, mew*, says the cat:

*Grunt, grunt*, says the hog: And *squeak*, cries the rat:

*Too, whoo*, moans the owl: *Caw, caw*, says the crow:

*Quack, quack*, shouts the duck: *Moo-oo* the cows low.

## Face-game: Bo Peeper.

Bo peeper, Nose dreeper,      (*Eyes, nose.*)  
 Chin chopper, White lopper,      (*Chin, teeth.*)  
 Red rag, And little gap!      (*Tongue, mouth.*)

## Clap Hands.

Clap hands, clap hands,  
 For daddie to come home,  
 With cakes in his pocket  
 For baby alone.

## Daffy-Down-Dilly.

Daffy-Down-Dilly has come to town,  
 In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

## Toe-game: Harry Whistle.

Harry Whistle, Tommy Thistle,  
 Harry Whible, Tommy Thibble  
 And little Oker-bell!

("Oker" = Anglo-Saxon "æcer," a field (whence our "acre") in this old rhyme; hence "oker-bell" seems to mean the flower called the field-bell.)

## Face-game: The Lord Mayor.

Here sits the Lord Mayor,	( <i>Forehead.</i> )
Here sit his men,	( <i>Eyes.</i> )
Here sits the cock,	( <i>Right cheek.</i> )
Here sits the hen,	( <i>Left cheek.</i> )
Here sit the little chickens,	( <i>Nose.</i> )
Here they run in ;	( <i>Mouth.</i> )
Chinchopper, chinchopper,	( <i>Chin.</i> )
Chinchopper, chin !	



## Hush-a-bye, Baby.

Tune, "Lilliburlero," 1st Part (c. 1680).

KEY G. { d :- r : d | m :- : m | r :- m : r | f :- :- | m : s : d | f :- : m | r : d : t | d :- :- }  
 Hush - a - bye, Ba - by, on the tree - top: When the wind blows, the cra - dle will rock;

When the bough breaks, the cra - dle will fall— Down will come Ba - by, and cra - dle, and all!

## Hush-a-bye, Baby.

SECOND TUNE.

JAMES SHAW.

*Andante.*  
 KEY C. { d' : d' : l | t : s | d' : d' : l | t :- | d' : d' : l | t : s | d' : d' : l | t :- }  
 Hush - a - bye, Ba - by, on the tree top: When the wind blows, the cra - dle will rock;

*mf* When the bough breaks, the cra - dle will fall— *poco rit.* Down will come Ba - by, and cra - dle, and all!

## Dance to thy Minnie.

*Not too quick.*

KEY F. { | m .s :m .d | r .r :f :m .r | m .s :m .d | m .r :d .t :d }  
Dance to thy Min-nie, My bon-nie hin-nie: Dance to thy Min-nie, My bon-nie bairn!

{ | m .m :m .s :m .d | r .r :r .f :m .r | m .m :m .s :m .d | m .r :d .t :d }  
Thou shalt have a fish-ie, In a lit-tle dish-ie, Thou shalt have a fish-ie, When the boat comes in!

*pp*

## HAND GAME.

## Pat-a-cake.

*Allegro.*

JAMES SHAW.

KEY F. { | d .d :d | d .d :d | r .r :s :- | d :d .d | d :- .d | r .m :f .r | s :- }  
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, bak-er's man! Make me a cake as fast as you can.

{ | l .l :m | f .f :r | s .s :r | m :s | l .t :d .r | m .f :s | m .m :r | d :- }  
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,\* And put it in the ov-en for Ba-by\* and me.

\* Or any other name and initial.

KNEE GAME.

# Ride a cock-horse.

*Rather slowly.*

JAMES SHAW.

*mf*

KEY Bb.

{ s<sub>1</sub> :- s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- : m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- : m<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :- :- }

Ride a cock-horse to Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy get on a white horse:

{ t<sub>1</sub> :- d : r | d : d : d | d :- r : m | r :- :- | f : m : r | d : t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : f<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> :- :- }

Rings on her fin-gers and bells on her toes, She shall have mu-sic wher-ev-er she goes,

*rit* *a tempo.*  
{ s<sub>1</sub> : t<sub>1</sub> : r | d : f : m | r : d : t<sub>1</sub> | d :- :- | : }

She shall have mu-sic wher-ev-er she goes!

## Toe-Game: The Little Pigs.

1. This little pig went to market,
2. This little pig stayed at home,
3. This little pig had nice bread and butter,
4. And this little pig had none,
5. This little pig cried—"Week, week, week!  
I can't find my way home!"



## Knee-Game.

Leg over, leg over,  
As the dog went to Dover.  
When he came to a stile,  
"Jump!" he went over.

## Face-game : The Front Door.

Ring the bell,	(Hair.)
Knock at the door,	(Forehead.)
Draw the latch,	(Nose.)
And walk in!	(Mouth.)

## Knee-Game : This is the Way.

*May be sung to "The Mulberry Bush," p. 79.*

This is the way the ladies ride :  
Trytritty-tree, trytritty-tree !

This is the way the ladies ride :  
Trytritty, trytritty-tree !

This is the way the gentlemen ride :  
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot !

This is the way the gentlemen ride :  
Gallop-a, gallop-a-trot !

This is the way the farmers ride :  
Hobbledy-hoy, hobbledy-hoy !

This is the way the farmers ride :  
Hobbledy, hobbledy-hoy !

## SECTION III.—SONG GAMES.

## Draw a bucket.

KEY F. { d :- :r | m :f :m | r :- :- | d :- :- | d :- :r | m :- :f | m :- :- | r :- :s }  
 Draw a buck-et of wa - - ter For my la - dy's daugh - ter : My

{ d :d :r | m :m :f | m :m :r | d :- :s | d :m :f | s :l :s | f :m :r | d :- :- }  
 fa - ther's a king, and my mo-ther's a queen, My two lit - tle sis - ters are dressed in green.

*Four players face each other in two pairs, joining all their hands together in the middle of the cross thus formed. Four others wait. They sing and dance.*

Draw a bucket of water  
 For my lady's daughter :  
 My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,  
 My two little sisters are dressed in green.

Stamping grass and parsley,  
 Marigold leaves and daisies.  
 One and a hush, two and a rush—  
 O pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush !  
*(A waiter pops under.)*

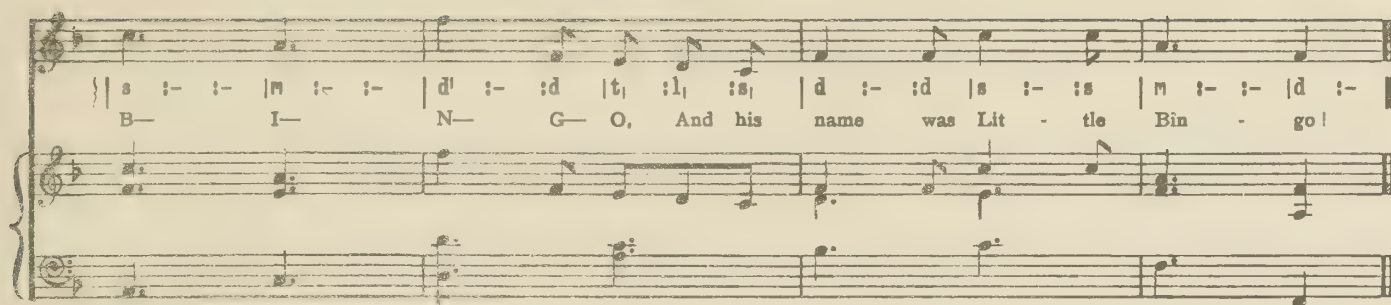
*The song is repeated till each of the four Waiters has popped under one pair of arms. So at the end the four Players are standing with the four Waiters standing imprisoned in their arms. The song may then be sung a fifth time, with great jogging, till all fall down.*

## Little Bingo.

KEY F.  
 { s | d :- :d | s :- :s | m :r :m | d :- :s | d :- :d | s :- :s | m :- :d :- : }  
 A farm - er's dog leapt o - ver the stile : His name was Lit - tle Bin - go.

{ r :m :d | t | : : | r :m :d | t | : : | r :m :d | t | : : | r :m :d | t | :- :m .f }  
 B with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O, — There was

\* Repeat this bar for verse 2.



(Farmer in centre ; rest dance round.)

*All.* A farmer's dog leapt over the stile :

His name was Little Bingo,

*Chosen ones.\** B with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,—

*All.* There was B-I-N-G-O,

And his name was Little Bingo!

*All.* The farmer bought a cask of good ale :

He called it right good Stingo.

*Chosen ones.\** S with a T, T with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,—

*All.* There was S-T-I-N-G-O,

And he called it right good Stingo!

*All.* The farmer loved a pretty young lass :

He bought a wedding Ring-o.

*Chosen ones.\** R with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,—

*All.* There was R-I-N-G-O,

And gave her a wedding Ring-o.

*All.* Now is not this a nice little song ?

I think it is, by Jingo,

*Chosen ones.\** J with an I, I with an N, N with a G, G with an O,—

There is J-I-N-G-O,

And I think it is, by Jingo!

\* The Farmer chooses first one then another, to sing each pair of letters. Anyone who fails takes the Farmer's place.



## Lubin.

KEY G.

Here we dance lu - bin, lu - bin, lu - bin, Here we dance lu - bin, lu - bin, light:

(Nine-pulse measure.)

Shake your right hand a lit - tle, And turn you round a - bout. D.C.

\*—\* Sing the extra line or lines in the succeeding verses to these notes.

*Lubin, Looby, or Looping (leaping), which last is perhaps the original meaning of the word. A ring game: all leap or dance round, and stand still for the Action.*

Here we dance lubin, lubin, lubin,  
Here we dance lubin, lubin, light:  
Shake your right hand a little,  
And turn you round about.

Action.  
All turn.

Here we dance lubin, lubin, lubin:  
Shake your right hand a little,  
Shake your left hand a little,  
And turn you round about.

Action.  
Turn.

Here we dance lubin, lubin, lubin:  
Shake your right hand a little,  
Shake your left hand a little,  
Shake your right foot a little,  
And turn you round about.

Action.  
Turn.

Here we dance lubin, lubin, lubin:  
Shake your right hand a little,  
Shake your left hand a little,  
Shake your right foot a little,  
Shake your left foot a little,  
And turn you round about.

Action.  
Turn.

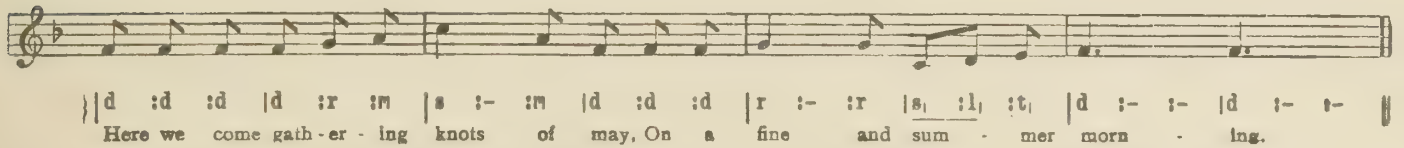
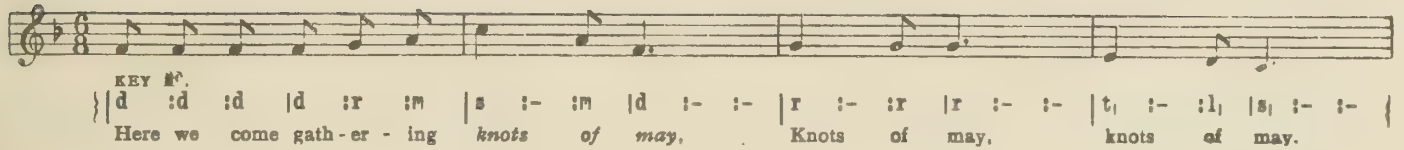
Here we dance lubin, lubin, lubin:  
Shake your right hand a little,  
Shake your left hand a little,  
Shake your right foot a little,  
Shake your left foot a little,  
Shake your head a little,  
And turn you round about.

Action.  
Turn.

# Knots of May.

(Commonly, "Nuts and May," or "Nuts in May.") \*

An Ancient Game.



Players form two equal lines, facing one another. Each line, as it sings, advances towards the other and retires.

*First Line.* Here we come gathering knots of may,  
Knots of may, knots of may,  
Here we come gathering knots of may,  
On a fine and summer morning.

*Second Line.* Who will you have for knots of may?  
Etc.

*First Line.* We'll have ..... for knots of may,  
Etc.

*Second Line.* Who will you send to fetch her away,  
Etc.

*First Line.* We'll send ..... to fetch her away,  
Etc.

The two named try to pull one another over a handkerchief or other mark, laid in the midst between the lines. The one who is pulled over is the "captured knot," and joins the other side. Then the song is repeated, the Second Line beginning Verse One. And so on, till all have pulled.

\* "Knots of may" means garlands of may.

# London Bridge.

FIRST VERSION.

An Ancient Game, 1720.

KEY F.

London Bridge is broken down, broken down, broken down: London Bridge is broken down, my fair ladye.

(Two form an arch. The others, holding together in a line, run under.)

*The Line.*

London Bridge is broken down,  
Broken down, broken down,  
London Bridge is broken down,  
My fair ladye.

*The Arch.*

Build it up with bricks and mortar, etc.

*The Line.*

Bricks and mortar will not stay, etc.

*The Arch.*

Build it up with penny loaves, etc.

*The Line.*

Penny loaves will mould away, etc.

*The Arch, catching one  
of the Line.*

What has this poor prisoner done, etc.

*The Line.*

Stole my watch and lost my key, etc.

*The Arch, leading the  
prisoner away.*

Off to prison you must go, etc.

(The song begins again, the last two in the Line being the Arch, and the two of the Arch going to the end of the Line.)

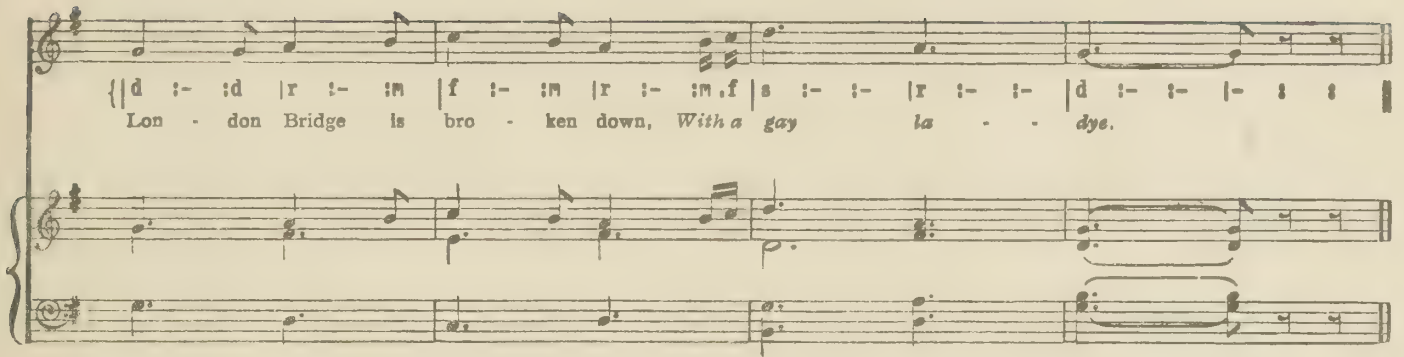
# London Bridge.

SECOND VERSION.

KEY G.

Lon - don Bridge is brok - en down, Dance o - ver, my La - dy Lee:





(Two form an arch. . The others, holding together in a line, run under.)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <i>The Line.</i>                                | London Bridge is broken down,<br>Dance over my Lady Lee :<br>London Bridge is broken down,<br>With a gay ladye.      |
| <i>The Arch</i>                                 | How shall we build it up again ?<br>Dance over my Lady Lee.<br>How shall we build it up again ?<br>With a gay ladye. |
| <i>The Line</i>                                 | Silver and gold will be stolen away,<br>Dance, etc.  |
| <i>The Arch</i>                                 | Build it up with iron and steel,<br>Dance, etc.  |
| <i>The Line.</i>                                | Iron and steel will bend and bow,<br>Dance, etc.   |
| <i>The Arch.</i>                                | Build it up with wood and clay,<br>Dance, etc.   |
| <i>The Line</i>                                 | Wood and clay will wash away,<br>Dance, etc.   |
| <i>The Arch, catching one<br/>of the Line.</i>  | What has this poor prisoner done ?<br>Dance, etc.  |
| <i>The Line.</i>                                | Stole my watch and lost my key,<br>Dance, etc.   |
| <i>The Arch, leading the<br/>prisoner away.</i> | Off to prison you must go !<br>Dance, etc.   |

(And the song begins again, as in the first version.)

# Forty Dukes.

MARTIN SHAW.

*Allegro.*

CHORUS.

KEY G.

{ | : : : : : | : : : : : | : : : : : | : : : : : | m :- if | s :- :m | r :- :m | f :- :r }  
 For - ty Dukes a - ri - ding, a -

{ | d :- :r | m :- :d | r :- :m | f :- : - | m :- :if | s :- :m | r :- :m | f :- :l | s :- :if | m :- :r. ||  
 ri - ding, a - ri - ding, For - ty Dukes a - ri - ding, To court the fair maid

*Poco meno mosso.* MOTHER.

FIRST DUKE.

(Two-pulse measure.)  
 Jane. My daughter Jane is all too young To list to a fool- ish flattering tongue.— Well,

{ | m .d :d .m | r .t, :s, .t, | d .l, :s, .t, | d .d :r .r | m .f :s | - .l :f .r | d :- ||  
 fare you well, my la - dy gay. We'll take our hor- ses and ride a - way, And call a - gain an - o - ther day.

CHORUS OF DUKES. *Tempo primo.*

(Six-pulse measure.)

{ m :- f | s :- m | r :- m | f :- r | d :- r | m :- d | r :- m | f :- :- | m :- f | s :- m }

For - ty Dukes a - ri - ding, a - ri - ding, a - ri - ding, For - ty Dukes a -

## MOTHER AND MAIDENS.

*Poco meno mosso.*

(Two-pulse measure.)

{ r :- m | f :- l | s :- f | m<sup>2</sup> : r | d :- | s | m . d : d . m | r . t<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>i</sub> . t<sub>i</sub> }

ri - ding To court the fair maid Jane. { Come back, come back! You Spanish Knight, And  
Come back, come back! You Spanish Jack, And

## FIRST DUKE.

{ d . l<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>i</sub> . t<sub>i</sub> | d . d : r | - : s | m . d : d . m | r . t<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>i</sub> . t<sub>i</sub> | d . l<sub>i</sub> : s<sub>i</sub> . t<sub>i</sub> | d . d : r . r ||

clean your spurs, they are not bright. .... My spurs are bright and rich-ly wrought, And in this ci - ty they were bought; And  
show your boots, they are not black. .... Oh Spanish Jack is not my name: I'll stamp my foot and swear the same. So

(Three-pulse measure.)

{ m . f : s : s . l | f . m : f :- . s | m . r : m : m . f | r . d : r :- . r | m . f : s :- . l }

in this ci - ty I shan't be told They are not bright: They shan't be sold, Nei - ther for sil - ver,  
fare you well, my la - dy gay! We'll take our hor - ses And ride a - way, And call a - gain an -



CHORUS. *Tempo primo.*

{ f, f, r : d : — } || (Six-pulse measure.) M : — : f | s : — : M | r : — : M | f : — : r | d : — : r | M : — : d | r : — : M | f : — : — }  
 copper, nor gold. } For - ty Dukes a - ri - ding, a - ri - ding, a - ri - ding,  
 o - ther day. }

*Poco meno mosso.*MOTHER AND  
MAIDENS.

{ M : — : f | s : — : M | r : — : M | f : — : l | s : — : f | M : r } || (Two-pulse measure.) d : — : | : s }  
 For - ty Dukes a - ri - ding To court the fair maid Jane. Come  
 (DUKES) We've

## FIRST DUKE.

{ M . d : d . M | r . t, : s, . t, | d . l, : s, . t, | d . d : r — : s | M . d : d . M }  
 back, come back! you Spanish Knight, And choose the fair-est in your sight..... This is the fair-est  
 brought your daughter safe and sound, And in her pocket a thou-sand pound, ..... And on her fin-ger a

## 1st time.

{ r . t, : s, . t, | d . l, : s, . t, | d . d : r . r | M . f : s — . l : f . r | d : — }  
 maid I see : So pray, young daniel, come walk with me. I will not call ..... an - o - ther day.  
 gay gold ring, I'll not re - fuse the maid you bring. But

2nd time.

(Three-pulse measure.)

{ m . f : s :- . l | f . m : f :- . s | m . r : m :- . f | r . d : r :- . r | m . f : s :- . l }

open the door and take her in : I'll take her in with all my heart, And she and I will

CHORUS. *Tempo primo.*

(Six-pulse measure.)

{ f . r : d :- || m :- : f | s :- : m | r :- : m | f :- : r | d :- : r | m :- : d | r :- : m | f :- : - }

nev-er part. For - ty Dukes a - ri - ding, a - ri - ding, a - ri - ding,

{ m :- : f | s :- : m | r :- : m | f :- : l | s :- : f | m : r | d :- : - | - : - : | - : - : | - : - : ||

For - ty Dukes a - ri - ding To court the fair maid Jane.....

All the Dukes (three or four, or forty, according to the number of dukes who happen to be present) face the Mother and the Maidens. The first Duke is the best singer on the boys' side; the Mother is the biggest and best on the girls' side.

The Dukes advance and retire each time they sing the Chorus, holding hands. The Mother and Maidens retire and advance before them, facing them and holding hands. Each time, after turning their backs, the Dukes take hands again and retire.

The Mother and Maidens retire each time they sing "Come back," etc. Everybody acts as expressively as possible.

Of course the advancing and retiring in any game may be increased or modified according to the size of the room.

This game, like many others, may be made into a carefully practiced dance, and may then be danced on a stage as part of an entertainment.

*Song Time.*

- Chorus of Dukes.*      *Forty Dukes a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,*      *Cheerfully*  
                                  *Forty Dukes a-riding,*  
                                  *To court the fair maid Jane.*
- Mother.*      My daughter Jane is all too young  
                                  To list to a foolish flattering tongue.
- First Duke.\**      Well, fare you well, my lady gay.      *Carelessly, turning their backs.*  
                                  We'll take our horses and ride away,  
                                  And call again another day.
- Chorus of Dukes.*      *Forty Dukes, etc.*
- Mother and Maidens*      Come back, come back! you Spanish knight,  
                                  And clean your spurs, they are not bright.
- First Duke.\**      My spurs are bright and richly wrought,      *Indignantly.*  
                                  And in this city they were bought;  
                                  And in this city I shan't be told      *Turning their backs.*  
                                  They are not bright: they shan't be sold,  
                                  Neither for silver, copper, nor gold.
- Chorus of Dukes.*      *Forty Dukes, etc.*
- Mother and Maidens.*      Come back, come back, you Spanish Jack  
                                  And show your boots, they are not black.
- First Duke.\**      Oh Spanish Jack is not my name:      *Angrily.*  
                                  I'll stamp my foot and swear the same.  
                                  So fare you well, my lady gay!      *Turning their backs.*  
                                  We'll take our horses and ride away,  
                                  And call again another day.
- Chorus of Dukes.*      *Forty Dukes, etc.*
- Mother and Maidens.*      Come back, come back! you Spanish knight,  
                                  And choose the fairest in your sight.
- First Duke.\**      This is the fairest maid I see:      *He chooses a Maiden, who then*  
                                  So pray, young damsel, come walk with me.      *crosses over*  
                                  I will not call another day.
- Chorus of Dukes.*      *Forty Dukes, etc.*

*Or all the Dukes may each choose a Maiden at the same time during the above verse. Or it may be repeated, while one Duke chooses one Maiden at each repetition.*

- Dukes.*      We've brought your daughter safe and sound,  
                                  And in her pocket a thousand pound,
- First Duke.*      And on her finger a gay gold ring.  
                                  I'll not refuse the maid you bring,  
                                  But open the door and take her in:  
                                  I'll take her in with all my heart,  
                                  And she and I will never part.

*Chorus (altogether).*      *Forty Dukes, etc.*

\* If necessary, the other Dukes may join in.



# The Call to Play.

Tune from "The Dancing Master," 1728.

KEY G

Girls and boys, come out to play! The moon doth shine... as bright as day.  
Come with a whoop, and come with a call, Come with a good will or don't come at all.

Leave your sup-per, and leave your sleep, And join your play-fel-lows in the street.  
Up the lad-der and down the wall: A half-pen-ny roll... will serve us all.

## Here Comes a Lusty Wooer.

KEY G.

Here comes a lusty woo-er, My a dil-din, my a dal-din: Here comes a lusty woo-er, Lil-y bright and shine-a.

*This may be played as a Game, the Boys and the Girls advancing as they sing.*

*The Boys advancing, and pushing a Boy forward.*

Here comes a lusty wooer,  
My a dildin, my a daldin:  
Here comes a lusty wooer,  
Lily bright and shine-a.

*Girls retiring.*

*The Girls, advancing.*

Pray who do you woo?  
My a dildin, my a daldin:  
Pray who do you woo?  
Lily bright and shine-a.

*Boys retiring.*

*The Boys, advancing, the Boy leading.*

For your fairest daughter,  
My a dildin, my a daldin:

*Girls retiring.*

*Etc.*

*The Girls, advancing, and pushing one Girl forward.*

Then there she is for you,  
My a dildin, my a daldin:

*Etc.*

*The Boy and the Girl may then stand aside, and two others be chosen. And so on.*

# Green Gravel.

KEY D. { :s | m :d :s | m :d :r .m | f :m :r | d :— :s | m :d :s | m :d :r .m }

Green grav - el, green grav - el, your grass is so green— The fair - est young dam - sel that

{ f :m :r | d :— :d :s | m :d :s | m :d :r .m | f :r :t | d :— :s .f }

ev - er was seen. We washed her, we dried her, we clothed her in silk, And we

{ m :d :s | m :d :r .m | f :m :r | d :— :d :s | m :d :s | m :d :r .m }

wrote down her name with a gold pen and ink. O An - nie,\* O An - nie. your

{ f :r :t | d :— :s .f | m :d :s | m :d :r .m | f :m :r | d :— }

true love is dead, And we send you a let - ter to turn round your head.

(One stands in middle ; the rest walk round singing in a ring.)

Green gravel, green gravel, your grass is so green—  
 The fairest young damsel that ever was seen.  
 We washed her, we dried her, we clothed her in silk,  
 And we wrote down her name with a gold pen and ink.  
 O Annie,\* O Annie, your true love is dead,  
 And we send you a letter to turn round your head.

(The chosen one turns, and faces outward. This is repeated till all have turned.)

\* Name of chosen one.

# The Muffin Man.

KEY Bb. { :s | d :d | d :— :r | m :d | d :— :t | l :r | r :— :d | t :s | s :— :s | d :d | d :— :r | m :d | d :— :t | l :r | d :t | d :— | }

O, have you seen the Muffin Man, The Muffin Man, the Muffin Man : O, have you seen the Muffin Man, That lives in Drury Lane ?

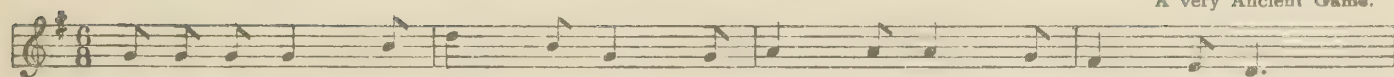
A Blindfolded Player stands in a ring, holding a stick. At the end of the first verse he touches one of the Ring, who holds the other end of the stick ; he then asks any question he likes. The Holder answers in a disguised voice, and the Blindfolded guesses who it is (being allowed two, or three, tries, if the Ring is large). If he guesses right, he joins the Ring, and the holder takes his place, and is blindfolded. Then the next verse is sung. And so on.

The Ring, dancing round. O, have you seen the Muffin Man,  
 The Muffin Man, the Muffin Man :  
 O, have you seen the Muffin Man,  
 That lives in Drury Lane ?

O yes, I've seen the Muffin Man,  
 The Muffin Man, the Muffin Man :  
 O yes, I've seen the Muffin Man,  
 That lives in Drury Lane.

# The Mulberry Bush.

A very Ancient Game.



KEY G.  
 } d :d :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | d :- :d | r :- :r | r :- :d | t :- :l | s :- :l |  
 Here we go round the mul - berry bush, The mul - berry bush, the mul - berry bush :



{ d :d :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | d :d :d | r :- :r | s :- :l | t :- :l | d :- :d | d :- :d ||  
 Here we go round the mul - berry bush, On a cold and frost - y morn - ing.

All join hands and form a ring. Sometimes one player represents the Bush in the middle.

Here we go round *the mulberry bush*, All dance round singing.  
 The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush :  
 Here we go round the mulberry bush,  
 On a cold and frosty morning. All loose hands, and each  
 twirls round.

This is the way we *wash our hands*, Action.  
 Wash our hands, wash our hands :  
 This is the way we wash our hands,  
 On a cold and frosty morning. Always twirl at this line.

Here we go round *the mulberry bush*, etc. Dance, etc., as before.

This is the way we *wash our clothes*, etc. Action.

Here we go round *the mulberry bush*, etc. As before.

This is the way we *dry our clothes*, etc. Action.

Here we go round *the mulberry bush*, etc. As before.

(Any other verses may be chosen, the mulberry bush verse being sung and danced between each.)

This is the way we *iron our clothes*, etc. Action.

This is the way we *sweep the floor*, etc. Action.

This is the way we *brush our hair*, etc. Action.

This is the way we *clean our boots*, etc. Action.

This is the way we *make the bread*, etc. Action.

This is the way we *clean our rooms*, etc. Action.

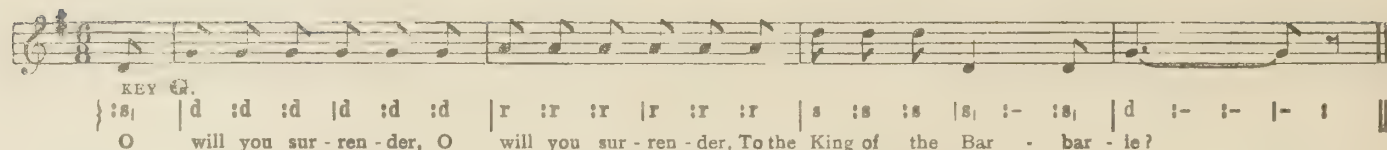
This is the way we *go to school*, etc. In prim pairs.

This is the way we *come back from school*, etc. Disorder.

(Always ending with the mulberry bush.)



# The King of the Barbarie.

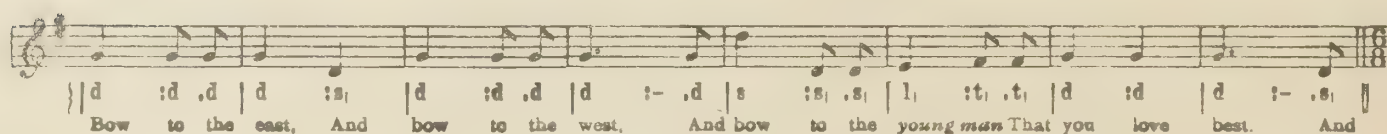
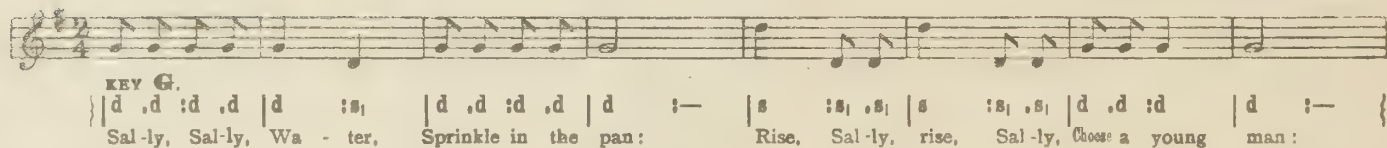


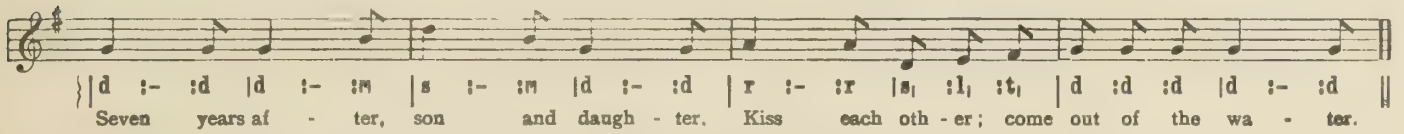
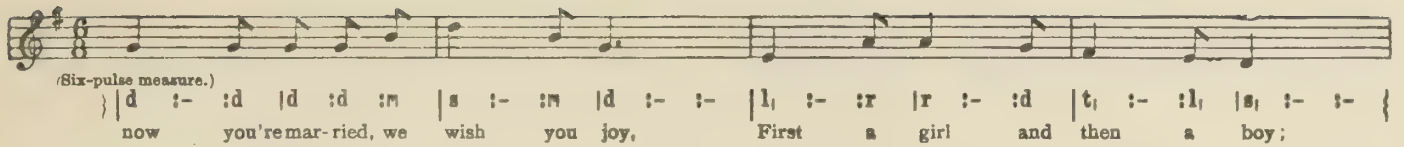
- Soldiers round* O will you surrender, O will you surrender,  
*Fortress.* To the King of the Barbarie?
- The Fortress (2* We won't surrender, we won't surrender,  
*children with* To the King of the Barbarie.  
*joined hands.*
- Soldiers.* We'll make you surrender, we'll make you surrender,  
 To the *King* of the Barbarie.
- Fortress.* You can't make us surrender, you can't make us surrender,  
 To the *King* of the Barbarie.
- Soldiers.* We'll go and complain, We'll go and complain,  
 To the *King* of the Barbarie. (Or Queen.)
- Fortress.* You can go and complain, you can go and complain,  
 To the *King* of the Barbarie.
- Soldiers turn back* Good morning, young *Prince*, Good morning, young *Prince*, (Or Queen.)  
*to King.* We have a complaint for thee.
- The King (or* Pray, what is your complaint to me? (Spoken.)  
*Queen).*
- Soldiers.* They won't surrender, they won't surrender,  
 O King of the Barbarie! (Or Queen.)
- The King (or* Take one of my brave soldiers. (Spoken.)  
*Queen).*

(A soldier tries to break through the clasped hands of the Fortress,  
 the others holding on behind. If he fails, another is put in the forefront.  
 And so on.

# Sally Water.

A very, very Ancient Game.





*A ring is formed. Sally kneels in the middle, covering her face.*

*The Ring, dancing round.*

Sally, Sally, Water,  
Sprinkle in the pan:  
Rise, Sally; rise, Sally,  
Choose a young man.

*Sally stands.*

Bow to the east,  
And bow to the west,  
And bow to the young man  
That you love best.

*Sally bows.*

(Or pretty girl.)  
*Sally chooses.*

And now you're married, we wish you joy,  
First a girl, and then a boy;  
Seven years after, son and daughter.

*Sally and the Chosen  
stand in the middle.*

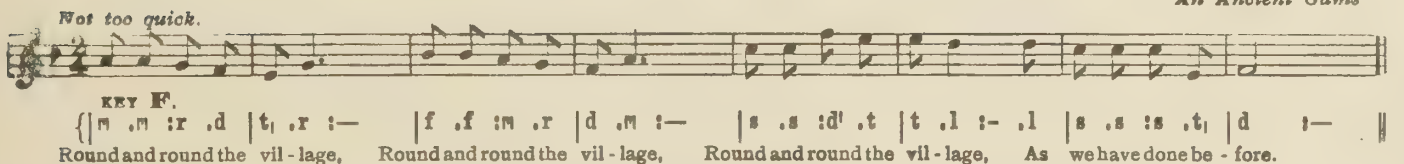
Kiss each other; come out of the water. *They kiss or take hands.*

*The Chosen then takes Sally's place. And so on.*

"Sally Water" was not originally a person's name. "Sally" is an old word for rushes; and the line probably referred originally to the sprinkling of water with rushes in some ancient rite.

## Round and round the Village.

*An Ancient Game*



*A ring is formed. The Chooser dances round outside the ring during Verse I.*

*All.*

Round and round the village,  
Round and round the village,  
Round and round the village,  
As we have done before.

*All arms raised to form arches: the Chooser runs quickly in and out the arches.-*

*In and out the windows, etc.*

*As we have done before.*

*The Chooser stops inside the ring, and picks out one by facing her or him.—*

*Stand and face your lover, etc.*

*As we have done before.*

*Chosen and Chooser walk round outside the ring.—*

*Follow her to London, etc.*

*As we have done before.*

*They come into the ring, and shake hands or kiss.—*

*Kiss her before you leave her, etc.*

*As we have done before.*

*The Chosen, or the next player, recommences the game.*

# Ring a Ring o' Roses.

KEY F.

Ring a ring o' ro - ses, A pock - et - full o' po - sies; One for you, and one for me, And one for lit - tle Mo - ses— Hush - a, hush - a, we all fall down.\*

*All dance round and sing. They keep hands joined right to the end.*

Ring a ring o' roses,  
A pocket-full o' posies;  
One for you, and one for me,  
And one for little Moses—  
Hush-a, Hush-a, we all fall down. \*All sneeze and fall.

NOTE.—The words and tune as I remember it in my nursery days have not the middle part [ ]. It is, however, often added.—M.S.

# Soldier, Soldier.

*Allegro.*

KEY G.

"O sol - dier, sol - dier, won't you marry me? With your mus - ket, fife, and drum?" "Ah, no, sweet maid, I can - not mar - ry thee, For I have no shirt to put on."

FINE.

FINE.



The musical score is written for a solo voice and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/4 time and G major. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating chorus. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and chords that support the melody. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words in italics. The score includes a first ending (D.S.) and a second ending (D.S.).

Then up she went to her grand - fa-ther's chest, And brought him a *shirt* of the ve-ry, ve-ry best: She brought him a *shirt* of the ve-ry, ve-ry best, And the sol - dier put it on. Now

*Girl, advancing,  
quick march.  
Boy, retiring,  
quick march.*

"O, soldier, soldier, won't you marry me—  
With your musket, fife, and drum?" *(The other girls  
may also advance  
with her.)*  
"Ah, no! sweet maid, I cannot marry thee;  
For I have no *shirt* to put on."

*Chorus, dancing goose-step.*

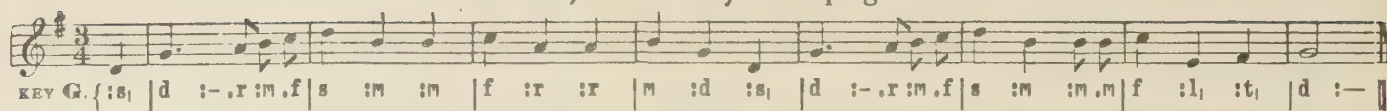
*Then up she went to her grandfather's chest,  
And brought him a shirt of the very, very best:  
She brought him a shirt of the very, very best,  
And the soldier put it on.*

2nd verse :	"stockings"; "pair."	(If there are enough singers
3rd verse :	"boots"; "pair."	and the game is sung as a
4th verse :	"breeches"; "pair."	dance at an entertainment,
5th verse :	"vest"; "vest."	each verse may be sung by
6th verse :	"coat"; "coat."	a different girl.)
7th verse :	"hat"; "hat."	
Last verse :	"For I've got a wife of my own."	Screams.
Last Chorus :	And that's why the soldier cannot marry me— With his musket, fife, and drum, Yes, that's why the soldier cannot marry me, For he's got a wife of his own.	

Throughout, the Girl (who may be grown up) faces the Boy (who may also, if necessary, be a grown-up lady); and behind the Boy are the Chorus: Boy and Chorus retire before the girl and advance together. (If there is only one soloist, the Chorus may sing the Boy's part.)

# Poor Jenny a-weeping.

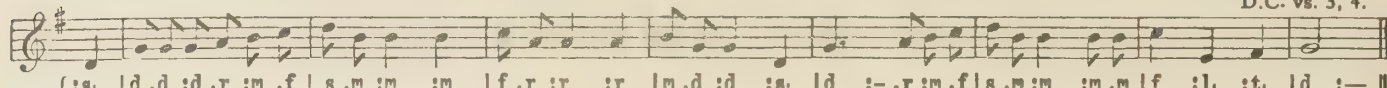
or, Poor Mary a-weeping.



KEY G. { :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :r:m.f | s :m :m | f :r :r | m :d :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :r:m.f | s :m :m | f :l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- }

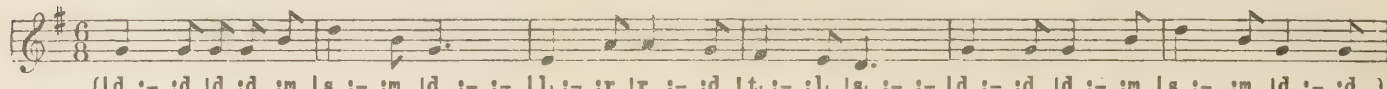
1. Poor Jen - ny sits a-weep-ing, a - weeping, a - weep-ing, Poor Jen - ny sits a-weep-ing, On a bright sum - mer's day.  
3. I'm weep - ing for a sweet-heart, a sweet-heart, a sweet-heart, I'm weep - ing for a sweet-heart, On a bright sum - mer's day.  
4. O pray get up and choose one, and choose one, and choose one, O pray get up and choose one, On a bright sum - mer's day.

D.C. vs. 3, 4.



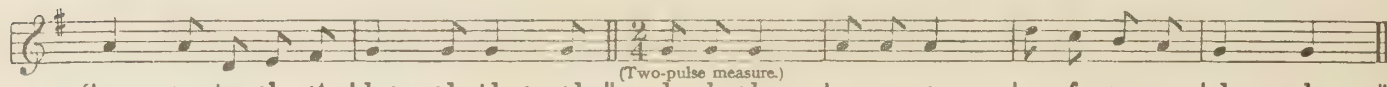
{ :s<sub>1</sub> | d,d :d :r :m .f | s :m :m :m | f :r :r :r | m :d :d :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- :r:m.f | s :m :m :m | f :l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- }

2. Pray Jenny, tell me what you're weeping for, a - weeping for, a - weeping for, Pray tell me what you're weeping for, On a bright summer's day.



{ | d :- :d | d :d :m | s :- :m | d :- :- | l<sub>1</sub> :- :r | r :- :d | t<sub>1</sub> :- :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- :- | d :- :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | d :- :d }

5. Now you're married, we wish you joy, First a girl, and then a boy: Seven years af - ter, son and daugh-ter.



{ | r :- :r | s<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- :d | d :- :d || (Two-pulse measure.) d .d :d | r :r :r | s .f :m .r | d :d ||

Pray, young couple, come kiss to - geth - er. Kiss her once, kiss her twice, Kiss her three times o - ver.

*All dance in a ring round Jenny, who kneels in the middle, her hands over her face. (Her real name may be sung instead of "Jenny" or "Mary.")*

*The Ring.*

Poor Jenny sits a-weeping,  
A-weeping, a-weeping:  
Poor Jenny sits a-weeping,  
On a bright summer's day.

Pray, Jenny, tell me what you're weeping for,  
A-weeping for, a-weeping for:  
Pray tell me what you're weeping for,  
On a bright summer's day.

*Jenny.*

I'm weeping for a sweetheart, etc.

*Lowering her hands.*

*The Ring.*

O pray, get up and choose one, etc.

*Jenny stands and chooses.*

*The Ring, dancing quickly.*

Now you're married, we wish you joy  
First a girl and then a boy;  
Seven years after, son and daughter.  
Pray, young couple, come kiss together.  
Kiss her once, kiss her twice,  
Kiss her three times over.

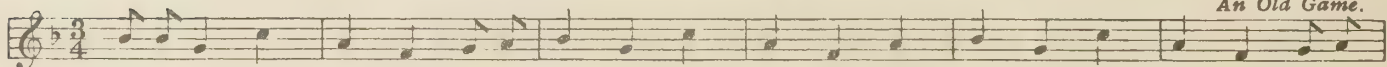
*The couple hold hands.*

*They kiss.*

*The game may be continued by the chosen boy taking Jenny's place, and choosing another girl. Or (if this seems too fickle) all the girls may be married off in order.*

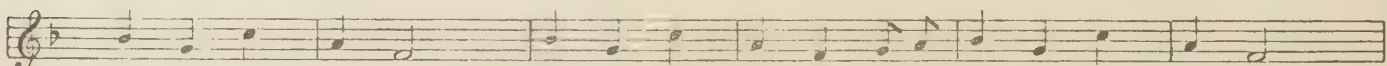
## Oranges and Lemons.

*An Old Game.*



KEY F. { | f .f :r :s | m :d :r :m | f :r :s | m :d :m | f :r :s | m :d :r :m }

Or-an-ges and lem-ons, Say the bells of Saint Clem-ent's. You owe me five far - things, Say the



{ | f :r :s | m :d :- | f :r :s | m :d :r :m | f :r :s | m :d :- }

bells of Saint Mar - tin's. When will you pay me? Say the bells of Old Bai - lev.

When I grow rich, Say the bells of Shore-ditch. Pray when will that be? Say the bells of Step-ney. I'm sure I don't know, Says the great bell of Bow. Here comes a light to light you to bed; Here comes a chopper to chop off your head,—The last, last, last, last...man's head

Orange and Lemon hold up their hands to make an arch. The rest, holding together in a line, run under the arch and round Orange; then under again, and round Lemon. They sing all the time, until "Here comes," etc., when Orange and Lemon drop their arms over one player, and ask him secretly whether he will be an orange or a lemon. The captive chooses, and puts his arms round the waist of Orange or of Lemon.

And so on, until there is a tail of captives behind both Orange and Lemon. Then there is a tug of war.

All. Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clement's.  
You owe me five farthings,  
Say the bells of St. Martin's.  
When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey.  
When I grow rich,  
Say the bells of Shoreditch.  
Pray when will that be?  
Say the bells of Stepney.  
I'm sure I don't know,  
Says the great bell of Bow.

Orange and Lemon only. Here comes a light to light you to bed; *Slowly.*  
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head,—  
The last, last, last,....last man's head.

Here they drop their arms over one player, and ask him in a whisper whether he will be an orange or a lemon. The captive chooses, and hangs on to Orange or to Lemon.

The song begins again, and is repeated, short or long, until there is a tail of captives behind Orange and another behind Lemon. Then there is a tug of war.

The verses may be varied at the leading of Orange and Lemon, as for example:—

Gay go up, and gay go down,  
To ring the bells of London town.  
Brick bats and tiles,  
Say the bells of St. Giles.  
Bulls eyes and targets,  
Say the bells of St. Margaret's.  
Pancakes and fritters,  
Say the bells of St. Peter's.  
Pokers and tongs,  
Say the bells of St. John's.  
Kettles and pans,  
Say the bells of St. Ann's.



# The Twelve Days of Christmas.

A FORFEIT GAME.

KEY G. { :s<sub>1</sub> | d :d .d | d :s<sub>1</sub> .f | m .r :m .f | s :- :f | m .r :d | s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- | }

The first day of Christ-mas, my true love sent to me A part-e-ridge in a pear-tree.

1st time. D.S. ||

{ :s<sub>1</sub> | d .d :d .d | d :s<sub>1</sub> .f | m .r :m .f | s :- | l :f .f | r :s .f | m .r :d | s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- | }

The second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me Two turtle doves, And a part-e-ridge in a pear-tree.

2nd time. D.S. ||

(Three-pulse measure.) (Four-pulse measure.)

{ l :f :f :r || l :f .f | r :s .f | m .r :d | s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- | }

Three French hens, two tur-tle doves, And a part-e-ridge in a pear-tree.

3rd time. D.S. ||

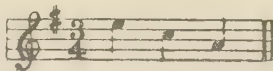
(Three-pulse measure.) (Four-pulse measure.)

{ l :f .f :r | l :f :r || l :f .f | r :s .f | m .r :d | s<sub>1</sub> .s<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- | }

Four col-ly birds, Three French hens, Two tur-tle doves, And a part-e-ridge in a pear tree.

(a) (b)

Sing each new gift to the notes  
the 5th verse the bar (b) will come



using in the accompaniment bars (a) and (b) alternately. Three in first, in the 6th the bar (a), and so on.

The first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
A part-e-ridge\* in a pear-tree.

The second day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The third day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The fourth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Four colly-birds,† three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The fifth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Five gold rings, four colly-birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The sixth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four colly-birds, three French hens,  
two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The seventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four colly-  
birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The eighth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,  
five gold rings, four colly-birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The ninth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-  
swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four colly-birds, three  
French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking,  
seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four  
colly-birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping, nine drummers drumming,  
eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying,  
five gold rings, four colly-birds, three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas, my true love sent to me  
Twelve lords a-leaping, eleven ladies dancing, ten pipers piping, nine  
drummers drumming, eight maids a-milking, seven swans a-  
swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four colly-birds,  
three French hens, two turtle doves,  
And a parteridge in a pear-tree.

An old Christmas game, played especially on Twelfth Night. The party sit round the room. The Leader says the first verse: each repeats it in turn. Then the leader says the second verse, which each repeats. And so on. For every mistake a forfeit is given up. At the end, the forfeits are all cried, and redeemed.

\* This is not the right way to spell "partridge."

† What is a colly-bird? Some learned people think it is just the short for a cockyolly bird, but it really means a thrush.

# Rosy Apple.

(Tune and words communicated by A. H. POWELL, from "Children playing across the gutter  
in a street in Guildford, 1897 or 1898.")

*Very simply, and not too quick.*

KEY F. { d .m :s .f | m .m .m :m | d .m :s .f | r .r :r | d .m :s .f | m .m :m | d .d .d :m .d | r :d ||

Ro-sy ap-ple, lemon or pear: Bunch of ros-es she shall wear—Take her by the lily-white hand, Lead her across the wa-ter.

The following fuller version may be sung as a game to the same tune. Some versions of this old rhyme have, for the sixth line, "Lead her across the water."

*A ring is formed. One stands in the middle to choose.*

<p><i>All.</i></p> <p>Rosy apple, lemon, or pear:</p> <p>Bunch of roses she shall wear—</p> <p>Gold and silver by her side—</p> <p>I know who will be the bride.</p>	<p>Take her by her lily-white hand,      <i>He chooses one.</i></p> <p>Lead her to the altar ;</p> <p>Give her kisses,—one, two, three:      <i>They kiss.</i></p> <p>She's her mother's daughter. (<i>Or Mrs. ....'s daughter.</i>)</p>
--	--

*The boy next the chosen girl then goes into the middle, and so on.*  
*Sometimes girls do the choosing as well as boys.*



## SECTION IV.—HYMNS.

## All things bright and beautiful.

Old English Tune, 1667.

FINE.

KEY A. { s .m : f .m | r , d , t , l : s , .m | f .l : t , l , t | d : — | s .m : f .m | r , d , t , l : s , .m | f .l : t , l , t | d : — . }

1. All things bright and beau-ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small, All things wise and won-der - ful, The Lord God made them all.

FINE.

{ .s | m , s : s , f , m | f , l : — . l | t , d , r : t , d , r | s : — . d , r | m , r : d , r , m | f , .m : r , m , f | s .l : t , l , t | d : — }

2. Each lit-tle flower that o - pens, Each lit-tle bird that sings, He made their glowing col - ours, He made their ti - ny wings:

D.C.

1 All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings:

3 The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky:

4 The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
He made them every one:

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
We gather every day:

6 He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we may tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

## Morning Hymn.

R. J. WESTON.

TALLIS' CANON.

T. TALLIS, c. 1515-85.

Slow and dignified.

KEY G. { | d : — | d : t , | d : d | r : r | m : d | f : f | m : m | r : r | d : — }

1. Fa - ther, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleas - ant morn - ing light,  
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to o - thers kind and good,

{ : s | f : r | m : m | r : r | d : s , | l , : t , | d : m | r : r | d : — }

For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.  
In all we do at work or play To grow more lov - ing ev - 'ry day.

# Loving Shepherd.

MARTIN SHAW.

*Not too slow.*

KEY C. } *p*

Lov - ing Shep - herd of thy sheep, Keep thy lamb, in safe - ty keep;

No - thing can thy power with - stand, None can pluck me from thy hand.

*Jane E. Leeson, 1807-82.*

1 Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,  
Keep thy lamb, in safety keep;  
Nothing can thy power withstand,  
None can pluck me from thy hand.

3 I would bless thee every day,  
Gladly all thy will obey,  
Like thy blessed ones above,  
Happy in thy precious love.

2 Loving Saviour, thou didst give  
Thine own life that we might live;  
And the hands outstretched to bless  
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach thy lamb thy voice to hear;  
Suffer not my steps to stray  
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where thou leadest I would go,  
Walking in thy steps below,  
Till before my Father's throne  
I shall know as I am known

## Gentle Jesus.

*Not too slow.*

MARTIN SHAW.

KEY G. { | M .f :s :M | f .M :r :— || M .f :s :d | M .r :d :— |

Gen-tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child ;

{ | d .t, :l, :d | f .M :r :— || M .f :s :d | M .r :d :— ||

Pi - ty my sim - pli - ci - ty, Suf - fer me to come to thee.

*Charles Wesley, 1707-88.**Part 1.*

- 1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child ;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.

- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought,  
Dearest God, forbid it not ;  
Give me, dearest God, a place  
In the kingdom of thy grace.

*Part 2.*

- 3 Lamb of God, I look to thee ;  
Thou shalt my example be :  
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,  
Thou wast once a little child.

- 4 Fain I would be as thou art ;  
Give me thy obedient heart.  
Thou art pitiful and kind,  
Let me have thy loving mind.

- 5 Let me, above all, fulfil  
God my heavenly Father's will,  
Never his good Spirit grieve,  
Only to his glory live.

*Part 3.*

- 6 Thou didst live to God alone ;  
Thou didst never seek thine own ;  
Thou thyself didst never please :  
God was all thy happiness.

- 7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am :  
Make me, Saviour, what thou art ;  
Live thyself within my heart.

- 8 I shall then show forth thy praise,  
Serve thee all my happy days ;  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the holy Child, in me.



# A Child's Grace.

*Simply, and not too fast.*

GEORGE SHAW.

KEY E. { | s :- .m | f .s :f | m :d | r :- | s :- .m | f .s :f | m :d | t :- }  
 Here a lit - tle child I stand, Heav - ing up my ei - ther hand;

B.t. { | r :- .m :d :l | t :m | f.E. :- | f :- .s | m :d | r :s | d :- }  
 Cold as pad - docks though they be, Here I lift them up to thee,

{ | d :s | d :r .d | t .d :r | m :- | d :s | d :r .d | t .l :t | d :- || r :- | m :- ||  
 For a ben - i - son to fall On our meat, and on us all. A - men.

Robert Herrick, 1591-1634.

Here a little child I stand,  
 Heaving up my either hand;  
 Cold as paddocks though they be,  
 Here I lift them up to thee,  
 For a benison to fall  
 On our meat and on us all.

NOTE.—Paddocks = toads : benison = blessing.

# Perseverance.

QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE.

*In moderate time.*

Melody from a 15th century German MS.,  
arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

KEY **F**. }  $\dot{d} : - : \dot{m} \mid s : - : \dot{m} \mid f : s : \dot{l} \mid s : - : \dot{r} \mid \parallel m : f : s \mid f : \dot{m} : \dot{r} \mid d : - : \dot{l} \mid t_1 : - : s_1 \parallel$   
 Je - su, good a - bove all o - ther, Gen - tle Child of gen - tle Mo - ther,

$\parallel m : - : f \mid s : - : \dot{l} \mid s : - : \dot{r} \mid m : - : d \mid f : - : f \mid m : \dot{r} : d \mid d : \dot{l} : t_1 \mid d : - : - \parallel d : - : d : - \parallel$   
 In a sta - ble born our Bro - ther, Give us grace to per - se - vere. A - men.

P. D.

- 1 Jesu, good above all other,  
Gentle Child of gentle Mother,  
In a stable born our Brother,  
Give us grace to persevere.
- 2 Jesu, cradled in a manger,  
For us facing every danger,  
Living as a homeless stranger,  
Make we thee our King most dear.
- 3 Jesu, for thy people dying,  
Risen Master, death defying,  
Lord in heaven, thy grace supplying,  
Keep us by thine altar near.
- 4 Jesu, who our sorrows bearest,  
All our thoughts and hopes thou sharest,  
Thou to man the truth declarest;  
Help us all thy truth to hear.
- 5 Lord, in all our doings guide us;  
Pride and hate shall ne'er divide us;  
We'll go on with thee beside us,  
And with joy we'll persevere!

## EVENING HYMN: Tender Shepherd.

SHIPSTON.

*In moderate time.*

Folk Song. Tune from Miss LUCY BROADWOOD.  
Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

KEY **E $\flat$** . }  $\dot{d} : \dot{m} \mid s : - : \dot{l} \mid s : f : \dot{m} : \dot{r} \mid m : d \mid d : \dot{m} \mid s : - : \dot{l} \mid s : m : \dot{r} : d : \dot{r} : - \parallel$   
 Je - su, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

$\parallel d : \dot{m} : f \mid s : d \mid s : - : f : f : \dot{m} \mid d : - : \dot{r} \mid m : f : \dot{r} : d : t_1 \mid d : - \parallel d : - : d : - \parallel$   
 Through the dark - ness be thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn - ing light. A - men.

Mary L. Duncan, 1814-40.

- 1 Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand has led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care;  
Thou has clothed me, warmed and fed me,  
Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.

## The Lamb.

GEOFFREY SHAW.

*Moderato. mf*

KEY G. } | :d .r | m :s | m :— | r :— | :d .r | m :s | m :— | r :— | d :r | m :f .s }  
 Lit-tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life

*mf*

{ | l :f | r :— | d :r .m | f .m :f .s | l :f | r :— | s :l | s :— .m | d :r | m :— }  
 bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light,

{ | m :— .f | m :d | l :d | d :t | d :— .ta | ta :— .l | r :m | s :f | f :— .s | m .f :m .r | d :l | s :— }  
 Soft - est cloth-ing, wool - ly, bright; Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the vales re - joice.

*mp* *un poco rall.* *p a tempo.*

{ | :d .r | m :s | m :— | r :— | :d .t | l :d | r :— | m :— | :l .t | d :m | d :— | t :— }  
 Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

*mp* *un poco rall.* *a tempo.* *p*



Little lamb, I'll tell thee! He is call-ed by thy name; For he calls him self a Lamb:

He is meek, and he is mild; He be-came a lit-tle child. I, a child, and thou, a lamb,

We are call-ed by his name. Little lamb, God bless thee! Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake, 1757-1827.

- 1 Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;
- 2 Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice.
- 3 Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee!
- 4 He is callèd by thy name;  
For he calls himself a Lamb:  
He is meek, and he is mild;  
He became a little child.
- 5 I, a child, and thou, a lamb,  
We are callèd by his name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee;  
Little lamb, God bless thee.

# I think when I read.

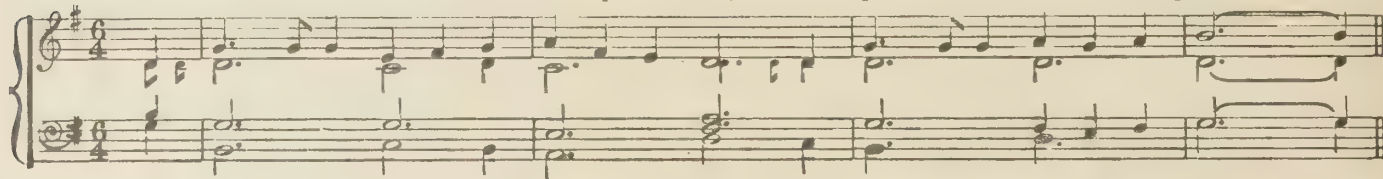
EAST HORNDON.

*Moderately fast.*

Folk Song. Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

KEY G. } :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- .d :d | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :t<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> :- :s<sub>1</sub> | d :- .d :d | r :d :r | m :- :- | - ||

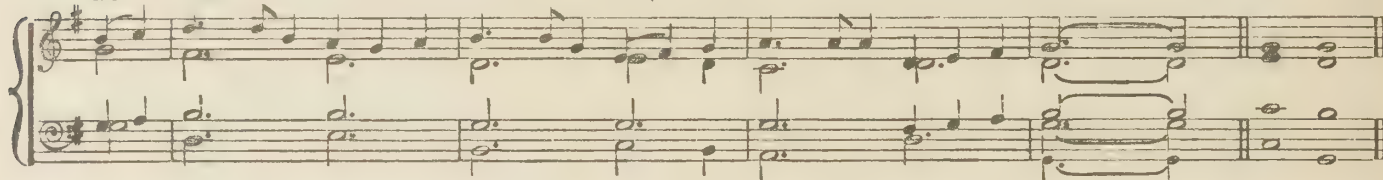
I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,



:m :f | s :- :s :m | r :d :r | m :- :m :d | l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> :d | r :- :r :r | s<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | d :- :- | - :- || d :- | d :- ||

How he called lit-tle children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.

A - men.



Mrs. J. Luke, 1813-1906.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,  
That his arm had been thrown around me;  
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,  
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in his love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare  
For all that are washed and forgiven,  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall  
Never heard of that heavenly home;  
I should like them to know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

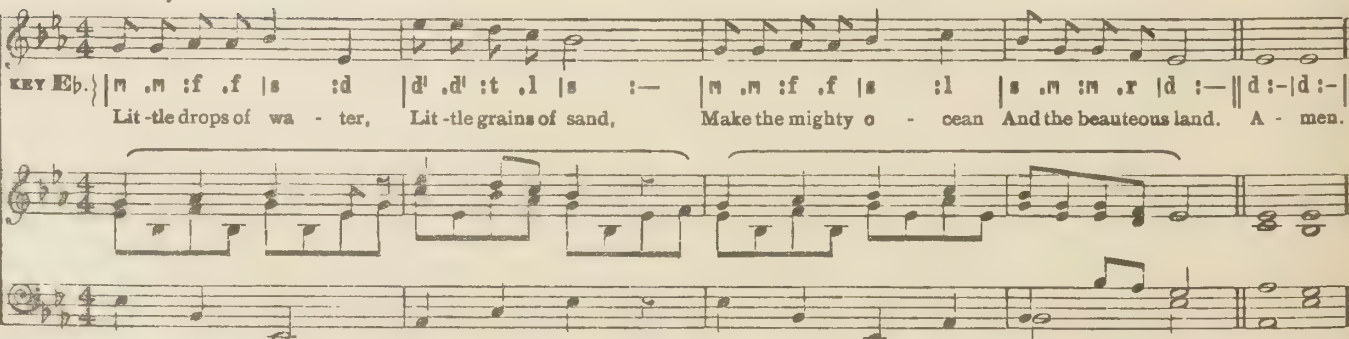
6 I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

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# Little drops of water.

*Rather slowly.*

Tune from a melody by T. H. BAYLY.



KEY Eb. } :m .m :f .f | s :d | d' .d' :t .l | s :- | :m .m :f .f | s :l | s .m :m .r | d :- || d :- | d :- ||

Lit-tle drops of wa - ter, Lit-tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean And the beauteous land. A - men.

1 Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beauteous land.

2 And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

3 Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

4 So our little errors  
Lead the soul away,  
From the paths of virtue  
Into sin to stray.

5 Little seeds of mercy  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

6 Glory then for ever  
Be to Father, Son,  
With the Holy Spirit,  
Blessed Three in One. Amen.

Mrs. J. A. Carney (1845).

# Lord, I would own.

MARTIN SHAW.

VERSES 1, 3, 5.

KEY G. { :s<sub>1</sub> | d :d | m :m | l :l | r :r | s :s | f :f | r :— | — :s<sub>1</sub> | d :d | m :m }

1. Lord, I would own thy ten - der care, And all thy love to me; The food I eat, the

FINE. VERSES 2, 4.

s.d.f.  $\text{E}\flat$ . *G minor.*

{ | l :l | r :r | s :s | r :m | d :— | — :m | l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | d :d | f :f | t<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> }

clothes I wear, Are all be - stowed by thee. 2. 'Tis thou pre - serv - est me from death And

D.C. vs. 3, 5.

G.t.m.l.

{ | m :m | l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | t<sub>1</sub> :— | — :m | l<sub>1</sub> :l<sub>1</sub> | d :d | f :f | t<sub>1</sub> :t<sub>1</sub> | m :l<sub>1</sub> | d :t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> d :— | — }

dan - gers ev - 'ry hour; I can - not draw an - oth - er breath Un - less thou give me power.

Jane Taylor, 1783-1824.

1 Lord, I would own thy tender care,  
And all thy love to me;  
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,  
Are all bestowed by thee.

2 'Tis thou preservest me from death  
And dangers every hour;  
I cannot draw another breath  
Unless thou give me power.

3 Kind Angels guard me every night,  
As round my bed they stay;  
Nor am I absent from thy sight  
In darkness or by day.

4 My health and friends and parents dear  
To me by God are given;  
I have not any blessing here  
But what is sent from heaven.

5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,  
A child can ne'er repay;  
But may it be my daily prayer  
To love thee and obey.



# Once in royal David's city.

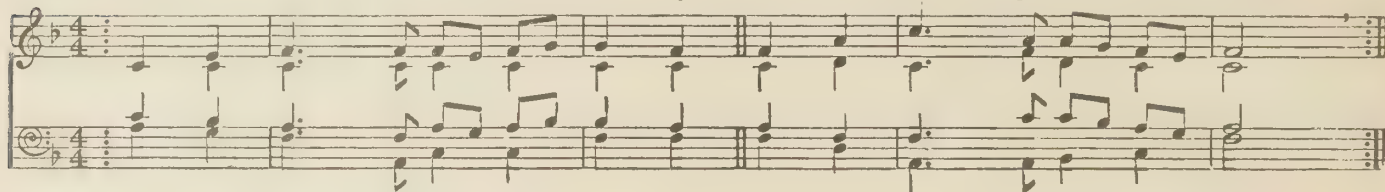
IRBY.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-76.

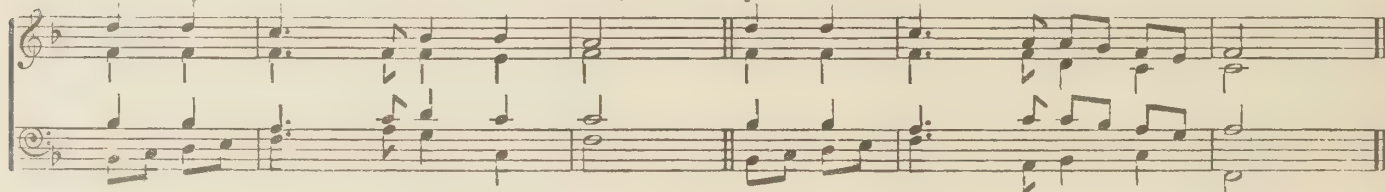
KEY F. *In moderate time.*

D.C.

{ | s | : t | | d :- . d | d . t | : d . r | r : d || d : m | s :- . m | m . r : d . t | d :- ' ||  
 1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,  
 r. Where a Mo - ther laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for his bed :



{ | l : l | s :- . d | f : f | m :- || l : l | s :- . m | m . r : d . t | d :- ' ||  
 Ma - ry was that Mo - ther mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.



Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95.

1 Once in royal David's city  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a Mother laid her Baby  
 In a manger for his bed :  
 Mary was that Mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little Child.

4 For he is our childhood's pattern,  
 Day by day like us he grew,  
 He was little, weak, and helpless,  
 Tears and smiles like us he knew ;  
 And he feeleth for our sadness,  
 And he shareth in our gladness.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And his shelter was a stable,  
 And his cradle was a stall ;  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
 Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

5 And our eyes at last shall see him,  
 Through his own redeeming love,  
 For that Child so dear and gentle  
 Is our Lord in heaven above ;  
 And he leads his children on  
 To the place where he is gone.

3 And through all his wondrous childhood  
 He would honour and obey,  
 Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,  
 In whose gentle arms he lay ;  
 Christian children all must be  
 Mild, obedient, good as he.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
 With the oxen standing by,  
 We shall see him ; but in heaven,  
 Set at God's right hand on high ;  
 When like stars his children crowned  
 All in white shall wait around.

## Sing to the Lord.

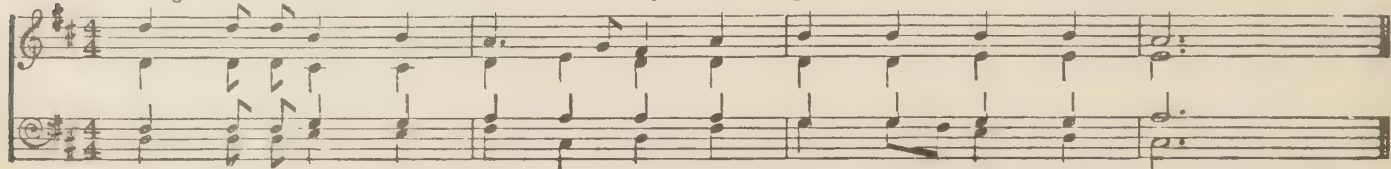
ST. HUGH.

KEY D. *Brightly.*

English Traditional Melody.

Arranged by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

{ | d' : d' . d' | l : l | s :- . f | m : s | l : l | l : l | s :- | - ||  
 1. Sing to the Lord the chil - dren's hymn, His gen - tle love de - clare,



{ :M .f | s :s | M :l | s :s .M | d :d .r | M :M | r :r | d : - | - : - || d : - | d : - ||

Who bends a - mid the Ser - a - phim To hear the chil - dren's prayer. A - men.

A musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

R. S. Hawker, 1804-73.

1 Sing to the Lord the children's hymn,  
His gentle love declare,  
Who bends amid the Seraphim  
To hear the children's prayer.

2 He at a mother's breast was fed,  
Though God's own Son was he;  
He learnt the first small words he said  
At a meek mother's knee.

3 He held us to his mighty breast,  
The children of the earth;  
He lifted up his hands and blessed  
The babes of human birth.

4 Lo! from the stars his face will turn  
On us with glances mild;  
The Angels of his presence yearn  
To bless the little child.

5 Keep us, O Jesus, Lord, for thee,  
That so, by thy dear grace,  
We, children of the font, may see  
Our heavenly Father's face.

## Now the day is over.

MARTIN SHAW.

KEY G.

{ :M :s | f :M | l : - | r : - || r :f | M :r | s : - | - : - || d :d | r :M }  
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Sha - dows of the

L.H. R.H.

A musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

{ :M : - | l : - | f :r | d :t | l : - | - : - || l : - | - : - || l : - | - : - || l : - | - : - ||  
even - ing Steal a - cross the sky, run, A - - - men.

vs. 1 to 7. Last verse.

A musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

S. Baring Gould.

1 Now the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds and beasts and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches  
May thine Angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

# Matthew, Mark.

THE SONG AT BEDTIME.

Traditional Tune and Words from the  
REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

*p Andante.*

KEY F. } | m : d . r | m : s . l | s . t : l . s | m : d | r : m . f | l . s : m . d | m : f . m | s : — |

Mat - thew, Mark, and Luke, and John, Bless the bed that I lie on.

| m : f . m | l : t . l | s . m : r . d | f : m | s : l . s | m . d : t . d | m : r | m : — |

Four an - gels to my bed, Two to bot - tom, two to head,

| t : l | s . m : d . f | m : r | m : — | t : l | s . m : d . f | m : r | m : — |

Two to hear me when I pray, Two to bear my soul a - way.

*8va.....*  
*ppp rit.*

- 1 Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on.  
Four angels to my bed,  
Two to bottom, two to head,  
Two to hear me when I pray,  
Two to bear my soul away.
- 2 Monday morn, the week begin:  
Christ deliver our souls from sin.  
Tuesday morn, nor curse nor swear:  
Christ's body that will tear.  
Wednesday, middle of the week:  
Woe to the soul Christ does not seek.

- A very old song that has never been quite forgotten.*
- 3 Thursday morn, Saint Peter wrote,  
Joy to the soul that heaven hath bote.  
Friday, Christ died on the tree,  
To save other men as well as me.  
Saturday sure, the week is dead,  
Sunday morn, the Book's outspread.
- 4 God is the branch and I the flower.  
Pray God send me a blessed hour.  
I go to bed some sleep to take:  
The Lord, he knows if I shall awake.  
Sleep I ever, sleep I never,  
God receive my soul for ever.

(This may be made a short evening hymn by leaving out verses 2 and 3.)

V. 2. "That does not seek Christ." V. 3. "That has prayed to heaven." The original of l. 5 is "Saturday sure, the evening dead," which seems to be a corruption. In l. 5 the original pre-Reformation version might perhaps have been "the altar's spread."



# There's a Friend for little children.

*Allargretto.*

MARTIN SHAW.

**KEY D.**

{ | m :- : f | s :- : s | l :- : t | d' :- : - | m :- : l | s :- : l | f :- : s | m :- : - | - :- : f | s :- : s | l :- : t | }

There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,..... A Friend who nev - er

{ | d' :- : - | m :- : l | s :- : r | f :- : m | d' :- : - | - :- : d | r :- : m | f :- : r | m :- : f | s :- : m | }

chan - ges, Whose love will nev - er die;..... Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And

{ | f e :- : s | l :- : t | s :- : - | m :- : f | s :- : s | l :- : t | d' :- : - | m :- : l | s :- : r | f :- : m | d' :- : - | }

change with chang - ing years; This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name he bears.

*A. Midlane.*

1 There's a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend who never changes,  
Whose love will never die;  
Our earthly friends may fail us,  
And change with changing years;  
This Friend is always worthy  
Of that dear name he bears.

2 There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to the Father cry;  
A rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare;  
And every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look to Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which he will then bestow  
On those who found his favour  
And loved his name below.

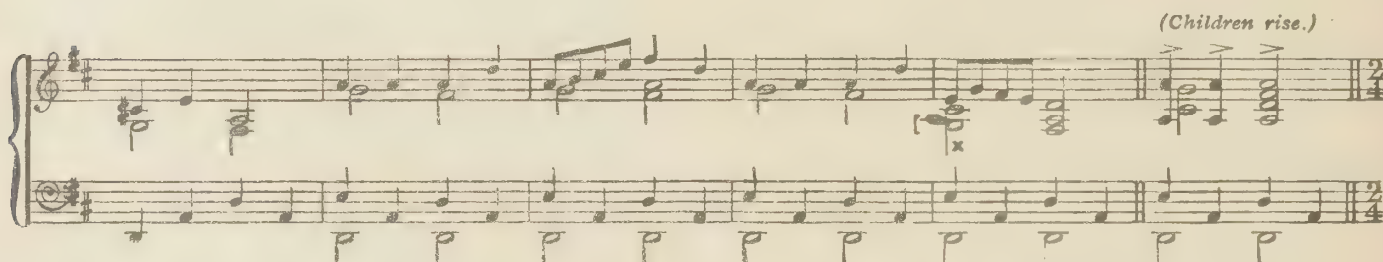
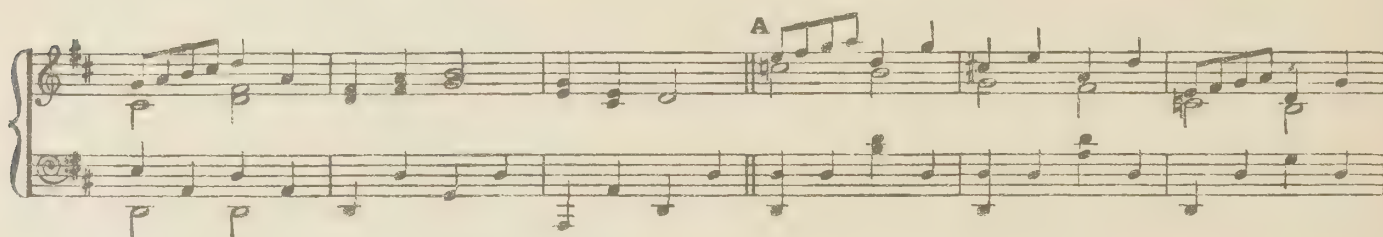
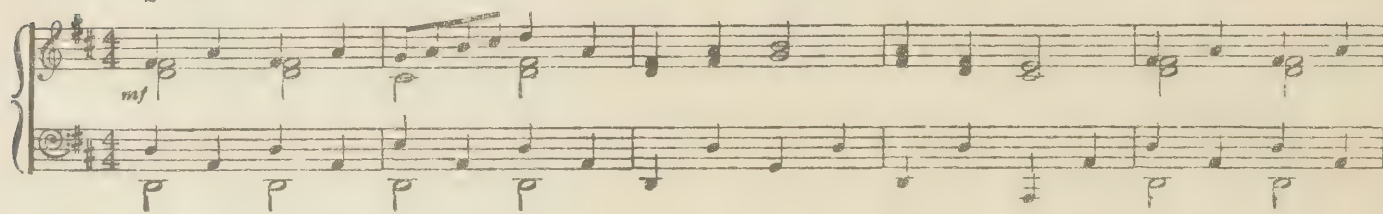
5 There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even Angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And palms of victory.  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone;  
O come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

## A SUNDAY KINDERGARTEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY MARTIN SHAW.

## I &amp; 2.—Entrance March and Greeting Song.

*Quick march time.*

*Repeat (either from  
beginning or from A)  
if necessary.*

GREETING SONG begins.

KEY  $\text{F\#}$ . (Two pulse measure) (Six-pulse measure.)

Good day to you all! Good day to you all! Good day to you, Teachers and Children and all!

3.—Opening Hymn.

4.—First Prayers.

5.—Hymn.

# No. 6.—Collection March and Hymn.

(From the "Primary and Junior Hymnal," Heidelberg Press, Philadelphia, Pa. By permission.)

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

KEY **E<sup>b</sup>**. { **f**. **A<sup>b</sup>**. **E<sup>b</sup>**. **t.** }

1. Here we come with glad - ness, Gifts of love to bring,  
 2. Small may be the offer - ing, But the Lord will use  
 3. More and more for Je - sus, May we glad - ly give;

Prais - ing him who loves us— Christ our Sa - viour King.  
 Ev - 'ry gift we bring him, None will he re - fuse.  
 Giv - ing, giv - ing, giv - ing, Is the way to live.

(Several other Hymns in this Section are also suitable here.)

# No. 7.—Birthday Celebrations.

REV. DR PERCY DEARMER.

KEY **D**

We wish you ma - ny hap - py re - turns of the day! We hope you may be health - y and strong all the way:

Strong to do right, slow to do wrong, And thought - ful for o - thers all the day long.



## 8.—Babies' Roll.

*Not too quick.*

KEY D. { | : : | : : | : : | : d' | t :- l | s :- l | s :- f | m :- f | m :- r | d :- m | l :- fe | s :- :- }  
 1. Our ba - bies' names are on the roll: We love to see them writ - ten there.  
 2. All boys and girls be - long to him, And ba - by chil - dren big and small.

{ | d' :- :- | m :- :m | f :- :f | s :f :s | l :- :- | :- :r | m :- :s | f :m :r | d :- :- | :- : :- }  
 God give them health in heart and soul,..... And in their bod - ies fair!.....  
 God make them strong in life and limb,..... God bless the chil - dren all!.....

## 9.—Babies March Out. Formation of Classes.

## 10.—Praise Him.

*Allegro.*

KEY D. { | s :d' | l :d' | s .l :s .f | m :s | d :r | m :- | s :f | r :- }  
 1. Praise him, praise him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, he is love,

{ s : d' | l : d' | s . l : s . f | m : s | d : r | m : — | f : r | d : — }  
 Praise him, praise him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, he is love.

1 Praise Him, praise him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love;  
Praise him, praise him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love.

2 Thank him, thank him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love;  
Thank him, thank him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love.

3 Love him, love him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love;  
Love him, love him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love.

4 Crown him, crown him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love;  
Crown him, crown him, all ye little children,  
He is love, he is love.

Anon.

11.—Teachers' Lesson.

12.—(Babies march back.)

13.—Closing Hymn.

## 14 &amp; 15.—Good-bye Song and March Out.

KEY D.  
 { s : d' : s | f : s | m : — | m : m | m : l | se : t | l : — | — : s | d' : s | f : s }  
 Good - bye! our school is o - ver, and we must go a - way. Good - bye to you! We'll

{ d' : s . s | f : s | d' : m | s : s | d : — | — : s | s : — | — : s | s : — | — : s }  
 try to be true, And brave, and kind, and gay. Good - bye, good - bye, good -

(March out begins.)

(Six-pulse measure.)  
 { d! :- :- :- :- :- }  
 Bye!

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, starting with a half note followed by a whole note. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. A bracket above the piano part indicates a 'Six-pulse measure' with a sequence of notes and rests.

The second system continues the musical piece with three staves. The melody in the top staff moves to a new phrase. The piano accompaniment in the bottom two staves provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

1st time.                      2nd time.

The third system includes a repeat sign. Above the repeat, '1st time.' and '2nd time.' are indicated. The melody and piano accompaniment are shown for both iterations of the repeated section.

(There are other marches in Section V.)

The details of this Kindergarten Order are in the Sunday School Edition of the *English Hymnal*, Oxford University Press.

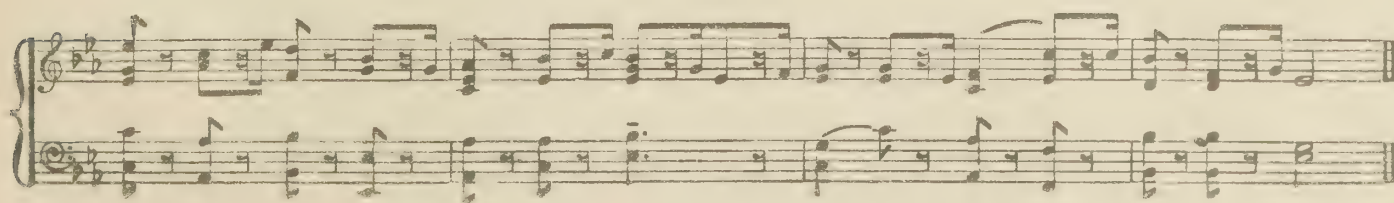
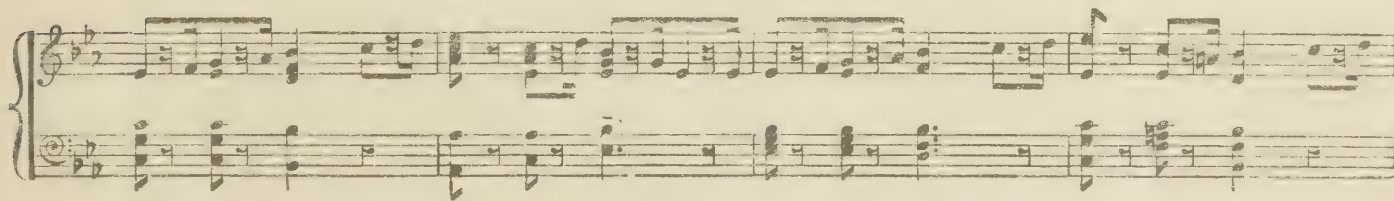
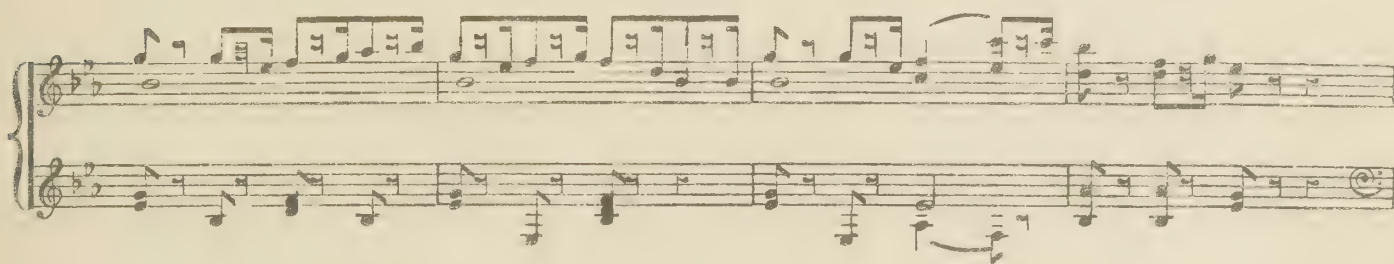
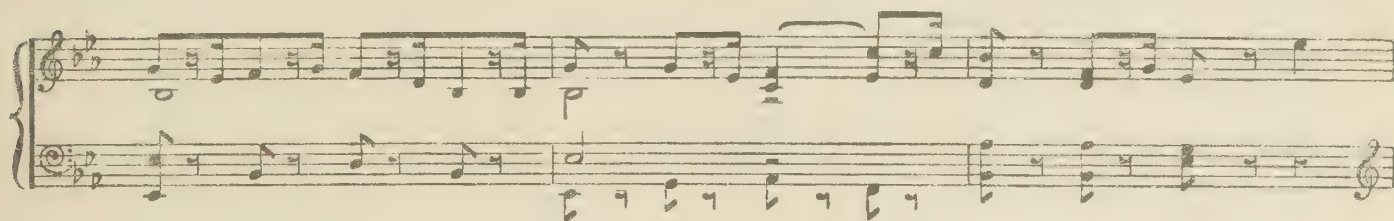


SECTION V.—MARCHES AND HUSH MUSIC.

1.—MARCH MUSIC.

Under the Rose.

Old English Song.



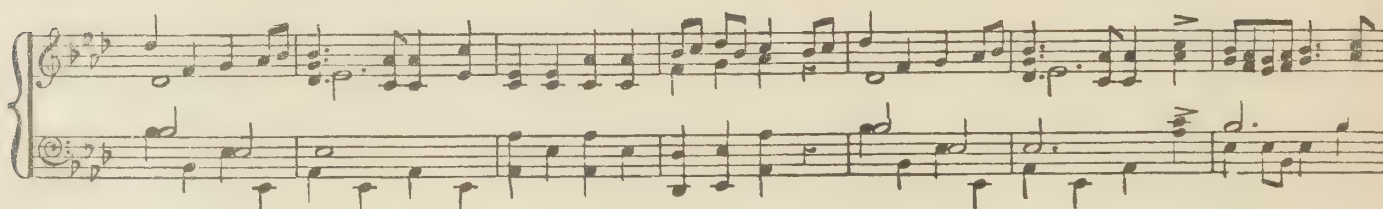
## The bonnie briar bush.

Old Scottish Song.



## When the King enjoys his own again.

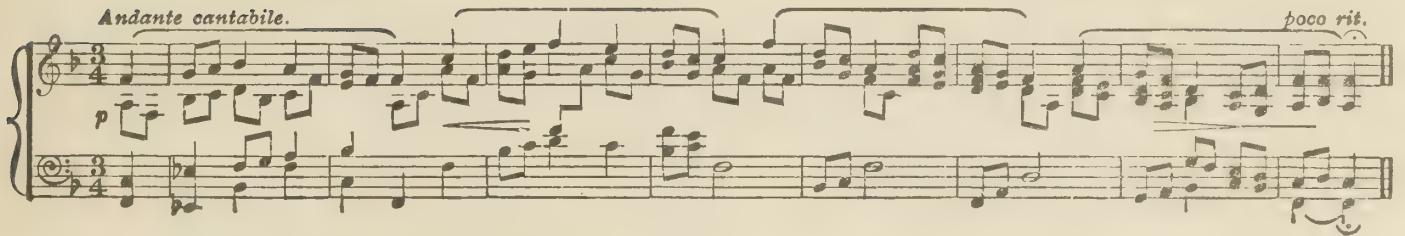
Old English Song.



## II.—HUSH MUSIC.

## Dear Harp of Erin.

Old Irish Tune, "Daniel the Worthy."



## In yon Garden.

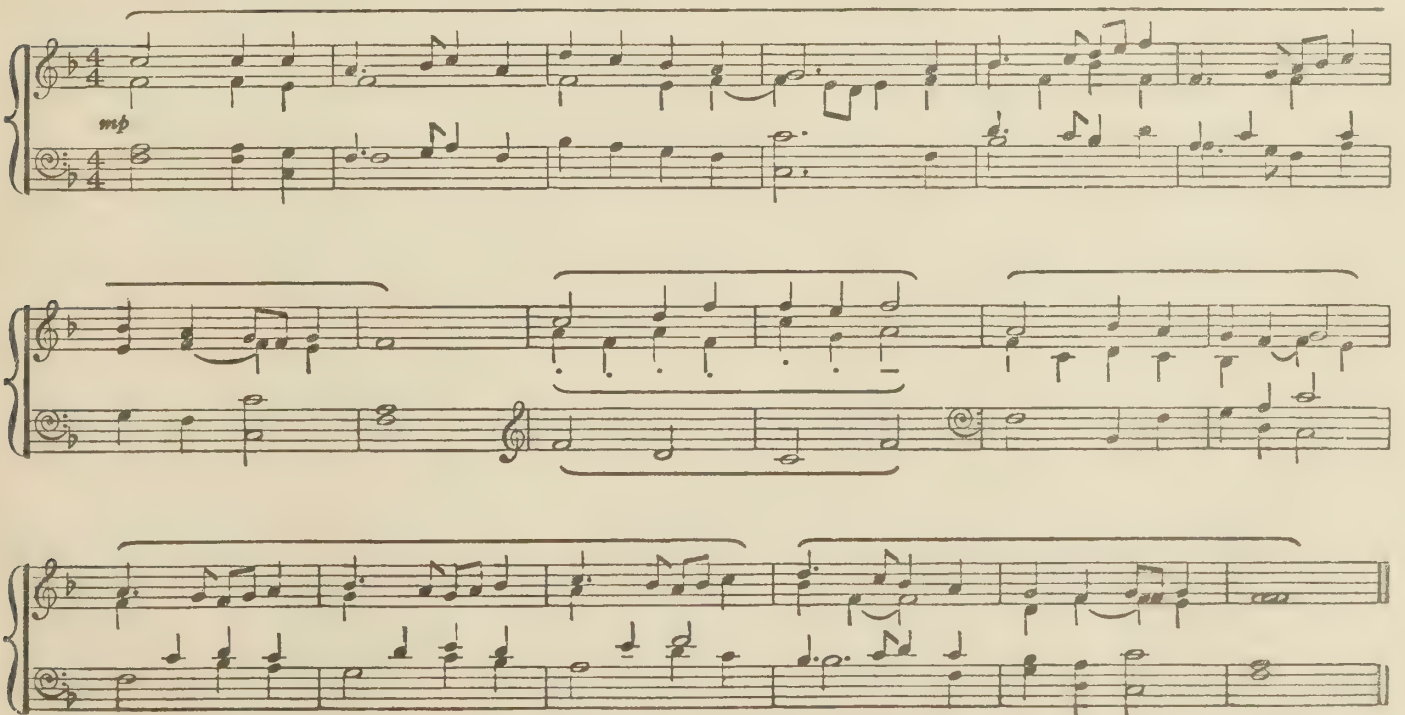
Old English Song.



## All in a garden green.

Rather slowly.

Old English Song.

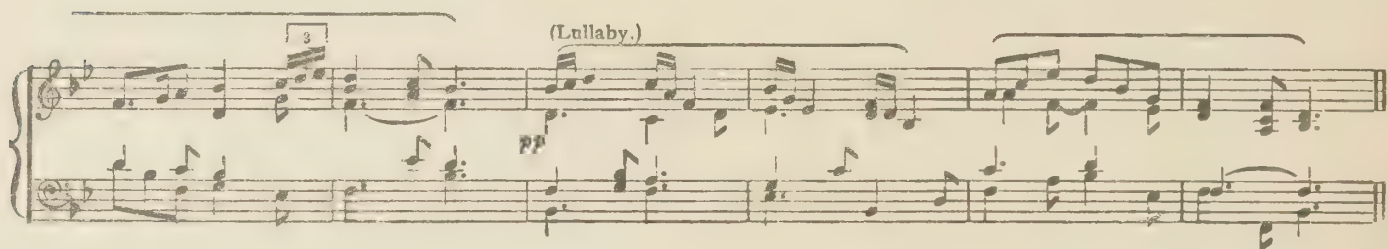
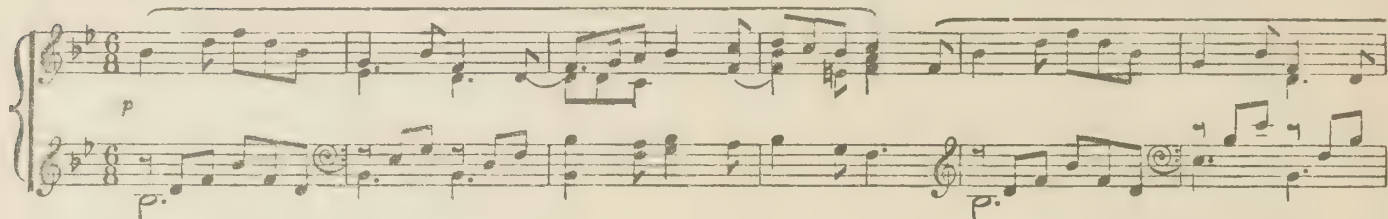




# Peaceful slumbering on the Ocean.

*Andante.*

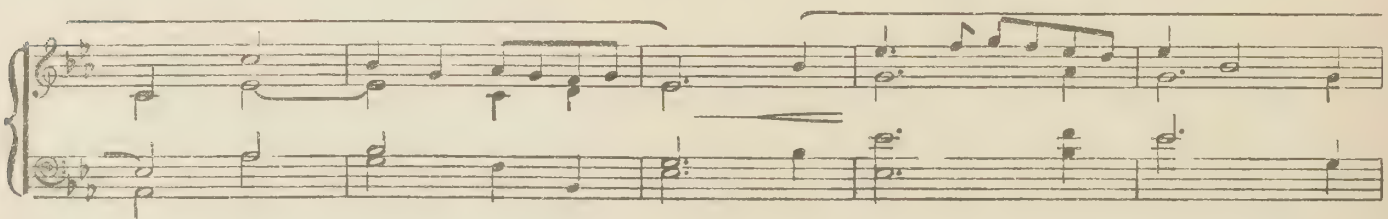
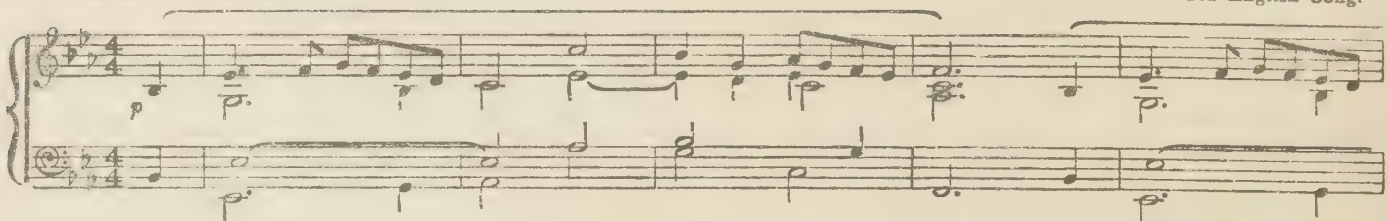
STEPHEN STORACE, c. 1790.



# Portsmouth.

*Andante cantabile.*

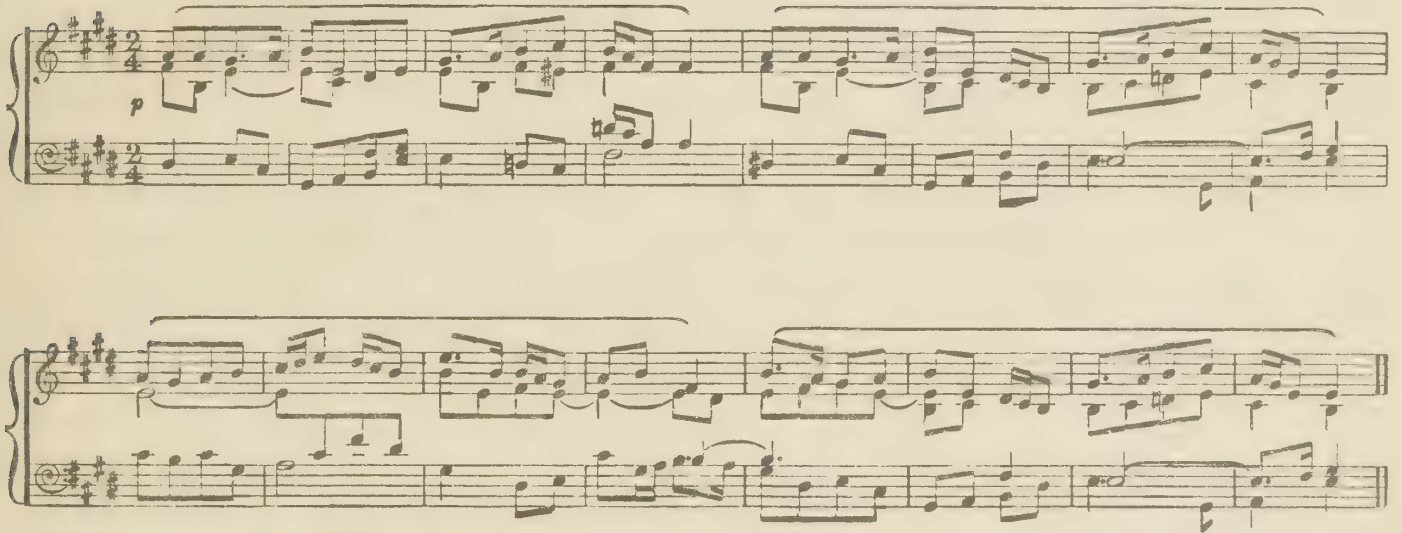
Old English Song.



# I live not where I love.

*Andante espressivo.*

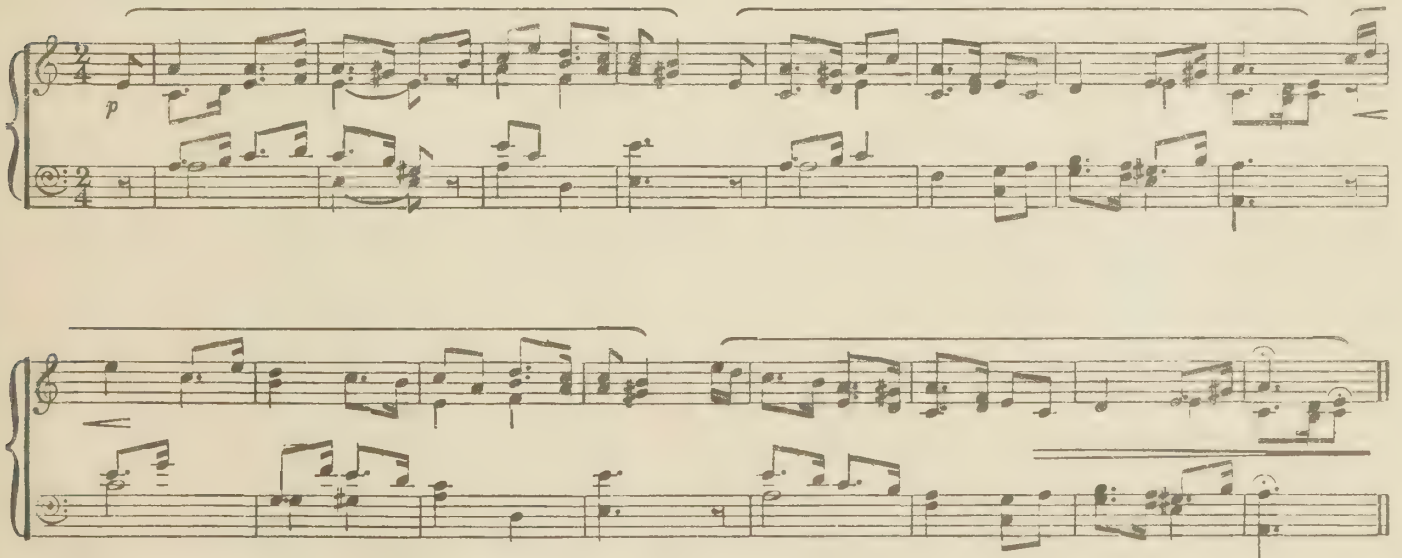
Old English Song.



# The Sun rises bright in France.

*Andantino cantabile.*

Old Scottish Song.



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Love me ; and Lullaby

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Serenade  
Song of the Palanquin Bearers

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